The Centre Reporter.

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Tennessee will send her delegates to Chicago instructed for Cleveland, and the state is solid for him.

Cleveland will go into convention with most delegates and his nomination is almost an assured fact.

The *Patriot* says thirty-five times the value of the industry is a rather steep price to pay for the pleasure of having the tin plate people squeeze money out of us. Yet that is what we pay.

On Tuesday the anti-February convention Democrats of New York State met in convention in Syracuse. It will probably be the largest political gathering of the kind in the history of the State, and certainly the most unique.

In the Methodist conference in Omaha H. B. Williams offered a resolution that "Owing to the fact that the use of tobacco is a stepping stone to the use of intoxicants, all Methodists recognize it as a growing evil and do all in their power to diminish or abolish the manufacture and sale of the harmful thing."

Ex-Senator Wallace, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, was in that city two or three days last week, and has "reached the conclusion that Cleveland is to be the Democratic candidate for president. He visited New York eaalier in the week and his conclusion is the result of information which he acquired there. This is regarded as of considerable significance in view of the fact that Mr. Wallace has not been a supporter of Cleveland, and was a short time ago openly committed to Hill."

The Georgia Legislature has passed a law making railroads and other corporations taxable for county purposes, and the Supreme Court by a decision has declared the law constitutional. The farmers of Pennsylvania have been laboring for a like enactment for years past, and before election the Republican leaders report favoraply. When the election is over the leaders don't care a continental dam whether such a law is passed or not, and the farmer bears the heaviest burden of taxation still and will while the Republican party is in power in Pennsylvania.

A dispatch from Washington says the fact which should be borne constantly in mind in trying to size up the Republican presidential situation is that in all the reported interviews had with Mr. Blaine in the last two weeks nowhere has the claim been made that the secretary of state said he would accept if nominated at Minneapolis. Not one of the dozens of anti-Harrison Republicans who have gone to Blaine in pursuance of the "worshipful maiden" plan to induce him to become a candidate has dared to assert that Blaine gave him a definite answer. Blaine listened with pleased attention when told of the overwhelming demand among the rank and file of the party that he should be the candidate. Blaine, when asked about his health, said it was better than it had been in a long time; that he felt as well as he did two or three or four years ago. Blaine smiled and said nothing when informed that the country would not take no for an answer, and that without him as the standard-bearer defeat would be almost certain.

Judge John H. Orvis does not have a high opinion of the value of Tammany's advice. Though one of the leading Democrats of the state, he was not a candidate for delegate to the national convention and will not go to Chicago. In discussing presidential politics the other day, the judge said: "Nine-tenths of the Democracy are in favor of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. The conventions of the party everywhere have embodied in their resolutions the principles contained in Mr. Cleveland's message. If we can't elect him we can't elect any man. When we went to St. Louis in 1876, Tammany, headed by John Kelly, met us there and said that Tilden could not carry New York. He did and was honestly elected. At Cincinnati in 1880 Tammany wanted Hancock, and we listened to them and were beaten at the election. In 1884 Tammany came to Chicago telling us that Cleveland could not carry New York, but he was nominated and elected. Tammany went to St. Louis united and enthusiastic for Cleveland, but he was defeated. These lessons teach us that Tammany does not represent the Democracy of New York. Cleveland went in on the cry, 'Turn the rascals out,' and he is being opposed because in turning the Repulican rascals out he he did not put Democratic rascals in. Cleveland represents the principles that will win the next campaign and ought to be nominated."

A SQUARE ISSUE.

According to the poll made of delegates elected to the Republican national convention by the New York *Herald* President Harrison has 366 delegates, only lacking 83 of a nominating majority Blaine has 265, Alger 28 and 239 are doubtful. Of course these figures are the guesswork of the friends of the administration. The Blaine boomers would make a different showing.

On one point the *Herald's* figures are doubtless correct. Of the 898 Republican delegates they are all reported for a high tariff of the McKinley stamp. A similar poll of the delegates to the Democratic national convention would show like unanimity, and the 900 delegates favorable to tariff reform according to the gospel laid down by Grover Cleveland.

This makes a square and well-defined issue between the two parties, from which, so far as one can judge, neither party seeks to get away by double dealing or compromise. It is McKinleyism against tariff reform in the direction of free raw material and lower duties. The debate on this issue before the people will be earnest and aggressive, but there will be one good result, however the people may decide. It will exclude from our politics the bitterness and hatreds of sectional and race issues, as well as the mud-slinging on personal matters that characterized the campaign of 1884. Political discussion will rise to a higher plane and have an important educational influence. A very limited mental equipment suffices for a bloody shirt or personal campaign, but to debate the questions of tariff and taxation, with the people as well informed as they have become, will take something higher than sound and fury and nasty epithets. Therefore, while that coming presidential campaign will be hotly contested, decent politics will be the rule and not the exception. A great economic question can be debated without ill feeling or anger, but the man who attempts it must be sure of his facts and see that his arguments accord with them. Even the tin-plate liar, in the face of general information on the subject, will have to take a back seat.

COWARDICE IN THE SENATE.

The McKinley bill imposed a tax of $14 a ton on binding twine. The bill the democrats of the House passed recently is for Hundred Per Cent. reduction. It provides that hereafter binding twine shall be admitted free of duty. What does the Republican Senate propose to do about it?

Such bills as this for free binding twine and that already passed by the House for the abolition of the Prohibitive Specific duties on woolens mean something, and the attempt of the Republican party to ignore them by pigeonholing in the Senate cannot succed. Such obstruction will have to be answered for in the campaign as squarely and fully as if the Reform bills had been put to vote and every republican vote had been recorded against them. Yet it is said, on trustworthy authority, that the republican majority in the Senate will endeavor to prevent their consideration in that body.

Since the democrats took the aggressive on the tariff the republican party has lost four Senators in the West, and that is only a beginning.

The House is doing good work, and it will certainly tell. The cowardice of the Senate republicans only makes this result more certain. Push the issue on the Senate. The people will do the rest.—*Herald*.

ADDRESS TO DEMOCRATS.

Major John D. Worman, secretary of the Democratic society of Pennsylvania, has issued the following orders:

"At a time when powerful tendencies are at work to subvert the original character of our government—to break down the limitations of power established by the constitution—to centralize the action and influence of official authorities—to create a governing class, using the machinery of the government as a corrupt balance of power in the elections, and then shaping legislation and administration in the interests of the few against the many—the precepts and example of such a man as Mr. Jefferson cannot be too often invoked. The formation of societies which can act as centres of discussion, and as agencies for the propagation of the republic, is a measure capable of great service to the people and to mankind.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Samuel Decker, of Walker township, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that David R. Foreman, of Potter township, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

MONTHLY STATEMENTS REQUIRED.

It is understood that Auditor General Gregg, fortified by an opinion from Attorney General Hensel, will in future require all borough city, county or State officers authorized to collect or receive taxes of license fees for the Commonwealth to make monthly instead of quarterly returns.

The authority for this requirement is a strangely overlooked concurrent resolution which has as all the force and effect of law bearing date of May 23, 1891, says the *Times*. Its language is as follows: Resolved (if the House concur), that all borough, city, county or State officers authorized to collect or receive taxes or license fees for the Commonwealth shall make return of the same on the first of every month and within ten days thereafter pay the amount mentioned in said return into the State Treasurer to immediately notify the Attorney General of any failure on the part of any official to account as aforesaid.

This resolution was passed May 22 1891, and signed by E. W. Smiley Clerk of the Senate, and John W. Morrison, Clerk of the House of Representatives and now State Treasurer, and approved by Governor Pattison on the following day. It was probably inspired by the Bardsley defalcation and its requirements were practically carried out by Treasurer W. Redwood Wright of this city, but no public notice seems to have been given of its provisions. It is certainly a very proper requirement, as there is no good reason why any official should retain State money in his hands even a day after its collection. Auditor General Gregg is only doing his duty in enforcing it, and if, the State Treasurer reports all delinquents to the Attorney General within ten days after the monthly report and money are due, the most dishonest official will not be able to steal any large sum of State money.—*Times*.

Why We are Poor.

Country editors always remain poor but that is because they are not mean enough to get rich, remarks an exchange. In order to get rich it is only necessary to trust nobody; to befriend none; to get everything and save all you get; to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us; to be friends to no man and have no man for our friend to heap interest upon interest; cent upon cent; to be mean, miserly and despised for some thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty near enough wealth is collected by a disregard of the human heart at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work. Country editors prefer to remain poor, live happy and die happy.

The Law of Bill Posting.

The practice of posting bills on the sides of dwelling houses and other buildings, fences, trees, etc., on private premises, is flagrantly wrong, in direct violation of law, and the parties doing it are liable to arrest and a penalty is provided for the offense. Such bill posting can only be done by permission of the owner of such buildings and fences, so that parties who heedlessly deface walls and fences in this way run a risk of fine if the owner of such property decides to proceed against the trespassers.

Death at Spring Mills.

James Beatty, of Spring Mills, was buried in the Georges Valley cemetery Wednesday, June 1st, Rev. W. E. Fischer conducting the funeral services. Mr. Beatty was for the last five years almost a constant sufferer from rheumatism. He could rarely attend services in the church of which he was for many years a faithful member, but died in the sure hope of a blissful immortality. Seven children and his widowed wife survive him. A large concourse of neighbors attended the funeral services.

Muslin Underwear at Meyer's.

You ask why so many go to the Bazaar for their Muslin Gowns, Skirts, Drawers, Chemise, &c., well, because the price is less than the muslin and embroidery would cost you; and ready to put on. Lock stitch seams. Elegant quality. Just what you want. Try them.

Have got New Uniforms.

The Millheim band, one of the oldest and ranking among the best musical organizations in this part of the state, has purchased new uniforms and made their first appearance in them on Memorial Day.

——MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The Summer Term opens August 1st., in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogues address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.

Every shade of Chiffon Lace from 30 cts. up. LYON & Co.

COBURN.

A Lively Letter on Current Events and Personal Gossip.

E. H. Auman was at Linden Hall last week getting out handle wood from off his farm.

Reuben Harter was taken violently sick on last Saturday, but at this writing is somewhat better.

Mr. R. O. Bracht is the champion trout fisher in this neck 'o woods; he having caught 172 of the speckled beauties in one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Stover attended the funeral of the latters mother, Mrs. Wolf, of Wolfs Store, on Wednesday. The interment was made at Rebersburg.

The evening train was a little late on last Friday on account of one of the cylinder heads being blown out of one of the engines on the way from Bellefonte to Coburn.

The Reformed church at this place will be dedicated on Sunday, June 12. D. M. Wolf, D. D., of Spring Mills, has been engaged to preach the dedicatory sermon on that occasion.

The Mite Society connected with the Lutheran church at this place, purpose holding a festival on the lawn in the rear of the church, on Saturday evening, June 18th. All the delicacies of the season will be served.

Decoration day passed off quietly at this place. This town being too poor to afford a burying ground for their dead. Some of our people went to Millheim in the evening to witness the strewing of flowers upon the graves of the heroic dead, who lie slumbering there, and have gone to "that country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

Jacob Emerick and J. W. Kerstetter our inspectors of election were to Bellefonte last Friday, to get acquainted with the modus operandi of the Baker Ballot Reform law. They say that a great many mistakes were made there in voting that day. The new system of voting is very complicated, apparently, and no doubt it will be a long time before it is thoroughly understood by the great masses of people.

Samuel Gray, one of the section hands, on Decoration day, thought it would be fun to discharge a cartridge loaded with nitro-glycerine, he accordingly laid the "infernal machine" on the track and commenced throwing stones at said instrument of death. He did not throw many until the thing went off, and skinned his hands and face and tore an ugly gash in his leg. Moral! Never monkey with a cartridge when "it is loaded."

Elias Hoover an old and respected citizen of Penn township, departed this life on Sunday morning, May 29, at the age of sixty-one years. He had been suffering from dropsy since early last fall. He gradually grew worse, until death put an end to his sufferings on the above mentioned date. Mr. Hoover was a life-long Democrat, and took an active interest in all political struggles since his boyhood. He also was a consistant member of the Evangelical church, and was a member of good standing in Paradise church at the time of his death. His remains were interred at said Paradise church on Tuesday.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Emanuel Brown Suddenly Expires at Bellefonte.

Mrs. Brown, wife of Mr. Emanuel Brown, proprietor of the Fountain house at Bellefonte, suddenly expired at her home on last Saturday evening from heart disease. She was aged about sixty years and leaves a husband and four children to mourn her loss, of whom the wife of Jas. A. Feidler, of the *Gazette*, is a daughter.

Mrs. Brown formerly visided in Madisonburg with her husband before removing to Bellefonte. She was a member of the Lutheran church and her funeral took place on Tuesday, interment being made at Bellefonte.

Paralyzed by Fright.

Philipsburg *Journal* says a very sad feature of the Milesburg fire on Wednesday night is the case of Mrs. Orris, who was so badly frightened that she was stricken with paralysis and thus far has remained perfectly helpless in every particular. She has not even been able to talk one word and the attending physicians have few hopes of her recovery.

To Celebrate.

Philipsburg, with her usual get-up and hustle, intends celebrating the Fourth of July in a glorious manner and the citizens of the town are contributing liberally to make it a success. There don't seem to be any moss backs in Philipsburg and all work for the good of the town.

——Highest market price paid for potatoes.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

The biggest lot of men's working shirts 25 and 50 cents. Dress shirts, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 2.50, at LYON & Co.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1892.

Mr. Harrison is the first, and it is hoped that he may be the last President who ever personally took charge of the canvas to get himself renominated, and it is only since the Blaine boom assumed such dangerous proportions that Mr. Harrison so far forgot his dignity as to do so. But there is no question about his having taken the mianagement of his fight into his own hands. Whether this was because he doubted the honesty or the political sagacity of Secretaries Elkins and Foster, or because he feared they would carry out their threats of revolt if he transferred the management of his affairs to John C. New, is more than your correspondent cares to say, but whatever the cause, Mr. Harrison is personally bossing his own political machine, telegrams signed by him are being sent to the shaky delegates among the "instructed," and he is to be kept in instantaneous communication with the Minneapolis convention by means of a private telegraph wire.

Since assuming command Mr. Harrison has instructed his fighting men to hit every Blaine head that comes up, and his supporters are now openly threatening that if they cannot nominate Harrison they can at least prevent the nomination of Blaine without a struggle so bitter that he cannot accept without practically confessing that his February letter was but a shrewd move toward getting the nomination. Ex-Czar Reed, who has made up with Mr. Blaine, with whom he has been on bad terms for years, is shedding no tears over the situation, as it is on the programme for him to fall heir to the Blaine strength, if for any reason Mr. Blaine shall decide not to make use of it for himself; he also expects to be made temporary chairman of the convention.

Representative Stevens, of Massachusetts, has introduced a tariff bill, covering the metal schedule, which is the result of many consultations with his democratic colleagues on the House Ways and Means committee. It places iron ore and scrap iron on the free list, and about cuts in half the duties on manufactured metal, as they are in the McKinley law. The bill is based upon the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Labor, upon the comparative cost of manufactures of iron and steel in the United States and Europe, and Mr. Stevens says the proposed duties are more than sufficient to cover the whole difference between the cost of articles manufactured in the United States and in Great Britain. More than that no manufacturer has even the shadow of a right to claim.

Representative Hatch's motion to take up the anti-option bill, notwithstanding the decision of the democratic caucus that the appropriation bills were to have exclusive right of way until they are all disposed of, received the sold support of the republicans of the House and enough democratic votes to make a tie vote on the motion. Whether Mr. Hatch will have better luck when he makes another trial, is a question—he undoubtedly thinks he will, and that the bill will be passed by the House before adjournment.

Representative Johnson, of Indiana, has been heartily cursed, on the quiet, by the republican leaders for having given away the sentiments of Mr. Harrison on the force bill. They say that if Johnson had the sense he was born with he would have known that he could not have possibly pleased the democrats better than by making such a speech as he made last week. Some of them pretend to believe that Johnson was "put up" to it by some wicked democrat in search of campaign material for his party. Whatever the cause, the party got the compaign ammunition.

The Senate will give the country some silver talk for a while, but for just how long it would be difficult to say, in the discussion of Senator Stewart's free coinage bill, which was some time ago adversely reported by the Finance committee, and which is to come up tomorrow as the "unfinished business." Senators opposed to the bill admit that it will pass by a majority of from 1 to 5 if it is allowed to reach a vote, and there is a suspicion afloat that they do not propose to allow it to come to a vote.

Mr. Blaine is again at his Washington residence, but he is not doing any talking, at least that is what the favored few who get to see him say. He listens and smiles, but says not a word that can by any possible twisting be made to give even the slightest indication of how he regards the efforts that are for him, or whether he will accept if they are successful in getting him nominated.

Secretary Elkins is sulking. He was to have gone to Rochester with Mr. Harrison, but at the last minute he refused positively to go. He is suspected of having a leaning toward Blaine, and he knows it, which causes him to magnify the significance of little things.

From a national standpoint it would have been difficult for the Governor of Virginia to have selected a more satisfactory successor to the late Senator Barbour than Gen. Eppa Hunton.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

DROWNING IN BRUSH VALLEY IN ELK CREEK.

"Dutch Pete" Drowns Himself In Elk Creek Near Centre Mills. His Body Found on Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning the body of a well-known character in Brush Valley, "Dutch Pete," was found in Elk Creek, near the farm of Ex-Commissioner John Wolf, above Centre Mills, and it was a case of self-murder.

"Dutch Pete" was a man aged about sixty years and was a blacksmith by trade having worked in different parts of the valley at his trade for the last twenty years and lately was convicted with the carriage works of S. K. Faust at Centre Mills.

Of late he became a victim of melancholia and it is supposed during one of these fits of despondency made the successful attempt upon his life and drowned himself in Elk Creek on Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning his body being found in the creek in the morning having evidently been in the water for several hours.

It is reported several days previous he made an attempt at hanging himself at Madisonburg, but was discovered in time by some men who cut him down in time to save his life.

"Dutch Pete" was a native of Switzerland and his original name, though known only to a few, was Peter Schmidt.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, regular size, 50c. and $1.00.

FARMERS MILLS.

Lutheran communion services here on June 12th, at 10 a. m.

Jerrie Stover has carpenters at work remodeling his residence.

Agents, candidates and jockies come around here thicker than potato bugs.

John Neese bid adieu to his friends here last Saturday, and left for Akron, Ohio.

George Winkleblech, a few miles east of here, has been on the sick list since last Jan. and is improving but slowly.

There are six soldiers buried at this place and the G. A. R. men decorated those graves on Memorial day, but failed to provide an orator.

Rumor says Meiss & Co. sold their store here to M. M. Somers, who desires to rent and remove his store to the old Fisher stand, at the mill, where the post office is kept.

Rev. Wertz, the Evangelical minister has made a good impression here and consequently his audience is increasing, but he cuts mighty close to the line occasionally.

The Union cemetery here has been enlarged, and nicely fenced recently, and if beautifying the graves will be continued as inaugurated this spring, this cemetery will become a credit to the village.

Marriage Licenses Granted.

Following is a list of marriage licenses granted during the past week.

Francis H. Owens, of Worth township, to Delilah Reese of Taylor twp.

J. H. Corl, of Linden Hall, to Ella E. Twitmyer, of Pleasant Gap.

Edward J. Gheret, of Bellefonte, to Vernia Weaver, of Pleasant Gap.

Walter Smith, to Mary Hugg, both of Boggs twp.

John P. Harrison, of Sunbury, to Mary A. Lebo, of Milesburg.

Mrs. Aaron Weaver.

Mrs. Aaron Weaver died at the home of her husband in Aaronsburg on Saturday, May 21st, after an illness of about two weeks from heart and lung ailment. She was aged about 54 years and leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss.

——Potates wanted. Highest price paid for same.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——Boom-de-ay. Subscribe for the REPORTER for the campaign.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Never iron lace window curtains, and be careful to not make them too blue with indigo or too stiff with starch. Stretch them upon a mattress to dry, pinning down carefully the extreme edge of every point or scollop.

In putting down oilcloth you do not tack as you go, as with carpets;—plan out the whole room first, putting in a tack here and there to hold it all in position until ready for the final tacking. It is disagreeable work to fit oilcloth and you will need a very sharp knife to cut it in shape. A good way of keeping a keen edge is to have a piece of fine emery paper and every once in a while lay the blade of the knife flat on it, drawing it along as if it were an oilstone. After the oilcloth is fitted but in as few tacks as possible. Matting is laid in the same way, and here again staples will be found better than tacks to use at the joinings to prevent fraying.

The deepest lake in America is in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Ore. It is called the Great Sunk Lake, and far outrivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It averages 2000 feet down to the water on all sides. It is about fifteen miles long and four and a half wide, and looks like a mammoth sheet of glass, its mountainous shore preventing the wind from ever ruffling its surface. Locally it is believed to be bottomless, thousands of feet of line having been let into its clear bosom without the weight touching anything more solid than water. For thousand of ages it has lain still, silent and mysterious, in the heart of the Cascades, looking like a gigantic trench scooped out by the hands of a giant genii.

At this season, when houses are being cleaned, a few words about fixing the floor covering, whatever it may be, in its place may not be amiss. Rugs as especially difficult to deal with. Not only are they very apt to slip out of place if the floor is well polished, but they have a very annoying way sometimes of curling up at the edges which is not only unsightly but is very apt to prove a pitfall to the unwary. A very large and heavy rug generally holds its own without any other aid than its own weight, but the writer, who has had a great deal of experience with an "sorts and conditions" of rugs, finds that the best way, by far, is simply to weight the corners with a flatened piece of ead covered with flannel and stitched to the underside of the rug. These pieces may be made large or small according to the weight of the rug, but should always be kept flat. In relaying a carpet a roller is of great assistance (the roller from the lawn mower does admirably without the knives) to press the fulness in the proper direction. It is astonishing how a scant carpet may be elongated by working the fulness toward a desirable point. If a carpet is frayed or thin use staples instead of carpet tacks; these, as every one knows, are simply double-pointed steel wire bent in the shape of a U. They are very sharp and will go through almost anything, and will hold any worn material much better than the ordinary carpet tacks.

Ways of Wild Geese.

What strange squawking creatures wild geese are!—flying in spring from the South to their Northern homes, beside creeks and rivulets where, among tall grasses and reeds, they nest and raise their young. Often have I wondered, says Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, what they meant by filing themselves along; one after another, forming some letter of the alphabet, the capital L, V and Y being the ones most frequently observed. Sometimes the poor things become so tired in the flight as to sink exhausted to the ground. It is no rare sight to see the tail-end of a Y lagging far behind. The other day the last goose became far detached from the line, and her faint squawks, as her wings moved more and more slowly, seemed to make no impression on those ahead of her. Espying some tame geese in a farmer's yard, she directed her course thither and sank half fainting in the midst of them. They greeted her with loud shrieks as of astonishment and terror, but seeing her helpless condition, they began jabbering softly together, as geese will, and at last addressed themselves to her, for she arose feebly and pecked faintly at some food that had been strewn around.

All that day the weary creature sat about, taking little notice of anything. The next day she seemed much refreshed, and took a walk with the tame geese down to the pond, where she bathed with them, and seemed glad for their hospitality. But just as the farmer who owned the geese was congratulating himself on the added possession, she suddenly took wing when another flock passed; and continued her northward course. She was an old goose, probably the mother of many flocks, and longed for their companionship as well as the beautiful freedom away up in the air, that she could readily see domesticated geese can never enjoy. It is said that some geese live to be fifteen or sixteen years of age, both among wild and domestic, and they may be known by their very slow, deliberate waddle, and by the skin on the breastbone hanging so loosely as almost to touch the ground. A farmer once found a nest of wild-goose eggs and placed them under setting hens. In due time he had a flock of wild geese, five of which he raised, and though they screamed and jabbered exactly like wild geese, and sometimes seemed restless and ill at ease, they tried but little to use their wings, not having been brought up that way.—[New York Tribune.

Our Defenseless Coast Lines.

The engineers of the Dement of the Missouri, under direction of Gen. Miles, are preparing a map of the world, showing the almost defenseless condition of the entire coast lines of the United States.

The location is also given of the countless modern war vessels of other nations. As thus far made the map shows, by little printed slips posted in the different oceans, the name of every foreign war vessel and the squadron to which it belongs. The ships of each nation are distinguished by their flags.

The vessels of the United States have not yet been named or located on the map, as they are so few that Gen. Miles considers their insertion a minor matter, to be completed in a few minutes. They will be put in, however, to show by contrast the great weakness of this country.

"Many of England's ships which cruise along the North and South Atlantic coasts," says Gen. Miles, "are of such light draught that they can navigate the St. Lawrence and get into the lakes with ease. In forty-eight hours the Pacific fleet could have San Fracisco and the other Pacific coast cities completely at their mercy, and in a few weeks both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts could be lined with England's vessels summoned from their present stations."

A Farmer's Paradise.

A leading railroad man in the Northwest, who is noted for his luminous and picturesque way of talking, is fond of calling the Red River farmers "the leasure class of the West." He says, "They only attend to their business for a few weeks in the spring and fall, and what they do sitting down, with splendid horses to drag the farming implements on which they ride around. When their grain is ripe, they hire laborers to cut and harvest it, and then they cash it in for money, fill the banks of the valley with money to the bursting point, and settle down for a long loaf, or go to Europe or New York.' Yet they must find a continuance of their strength and prosperity in diversified farming and in hard work, and this is being taught to the rest by the shrewder ones among them. Such men are making the breeding of fine draught-horses a side reliance and very many farms now maintain 1500 to 2000 Percheron, Norman, and Clydesdale horses, as well as pigs, sheep, and poultry. The country is too level for the profitable raising of sheep, however. They need uneven land and a variety of picking; moreover, the soil clogs in their hoofs, and subjects them to hoof rot, and other diseases prey upon them there.

There are nearly 9,000,000 acres in the valley, and one-sixth of it is under the plough. One hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat could be raised there if every acre was sown with seed, but there is no such demand for wheat as that would require to be profitable. As it is, less than a quarter of the valley is cultivated, and only three-quarters of that fraction are given up to wheat, so that last year's yield was about 30 to 37 million of bushels. That would have brought $27,000,000 had it been sold, but while this is being written (in the holidays of '91-2), a great many farmers are holding their grain in the firm belief that Russia's needs will determine a rise of 20 cents in the price. Those who sold got 80 cents; those who are holding back want a dollar a bushel.—[Harper's Magazine.

Animal Truffle Hunters.

Squirrels and hogs, when they are turned loose to forage for themselves, are keen truffle hunters. Advantage is taken of the penchant of the pig for truffles to train it to hunt systematically for the underground prize. The odor of many truffles is so potent—epicures compare that of the finer specimens to strawberry—that it exhales through the porous soil, and thus affords a clue to the keen-scented of the treasure that lies beneath.

When once a hog has tasted truffles it needs but little encouragement to develop it into an inveterate truffle hunter. Dogs, however, from their greater docility and the less voracious character of their appetites, are preferred for this business. The canine fungus hunter receives his training while young, and the method generally pursued is as follows: Finely-cut or sliced truffles are mixed daily with their food until they become imbued with a liking for the flavor, and, what is perhaps of quite as much importance, they come to regard the flavor of truffles as an inherent quality of all their food. The very odor of truffles will thus suggest a meal. The next step is to take the dog into the fields or woods and place a dish of filet au truffes in some sequestered nook and cover it with earth. The dog is then encouraged to hunt for it; and the promptings of hunger contribute as much to the desired result as do the urgings of its master, for the dog is always taken out fasting. On finding the game the dog is always rewarded with some little delicacy, which incites him to further exertions.—[Chambers' Journal.

The Ceres Indians.

Tiburon island, off South California, twenty miles long and ten miles wide, is said to be a resort of the Ceres Indians during a great portion of the year. Their huts and encampments may be seen anywhere along the eastern coast. They are exceedingly hostile and use poisoned arrows in opposing the landing of strangers on what they consider their domain. The canoes of these Indians deserve especial mention. They are made of long reeds, which are bound together with strings after the manner of fascines, three of which when fastened together have sufficient buoyancy to support one or two persons. The Indians kneel in the canoes when paddling, the water being of the same level inside the little bark as outside of it. Formerly they would sell them for old clothes or a pint of whisky, but they soon learned their value as a curiosity and now refuse to part with them except for very good prices.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

INTENSE excitement prevailed near National City, Cal. when the discovery was made that a dead body had been used for smuggling purposes. A corpse was brought from Mexico, and reverenly conveyed across the line, ostensibly for shipment to relatives in San Francisco. A curious citizen, who had had his suspicions aroused, secretly followed the corpse after its arrival in National City, and saw it conveyed to a lone habitation in the mountains at Otay Mesa. Peeping through the window, he saw the sad mourners engaged in a rather unusual proceeding. They had opened the coffin, and from the interior of the corpse they were taking small tin boxes of opium.

THE LADIES.

A NEW GARMENT.

French designers have sent over some elegant garments made like a low-necked princesse dress, demi-trained. This garment is a sort of compromise between a petticoat and a silk corset-cover, and being narrowly gored and beautifully shaped makes an ideal garment to wear beneath a perfectly fitted tailor costume or princesse evening toilet, as there are neither bands nor gathers about the waist.—[St. Louis Republic.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

The ideal form of beauty in a female face lies, without doubt, in the eyes. Blue of a medium shade are the most strikingly beautiful. But the eyes do not alone constitute beauty. There are the hair, nose, mouth and complexion to take into account. The hair should be dark, the nose aquiline and the mouth small and with rosy lips, and the complexion should be of a rosy tint. There should also be a set of pearly teeth to show when you laugh, and a pair of dimples when you smile. This, without doubt, constitutes feminine beauty.—[London Answers.

WOMEN TYRANTS OF THE DESERT.

The women of Ghardaia, an oasis in the Sahara, seem to have attained a degree of freedom unknown in some more civilized communities. These women, when they marry, draw up their own marriage contract, and if the man in any way breaks it the woman is immediately free, and will have no more to say to him. The Ghardaians are Mohammedans, and by the law of the Prophet a man may have four wives. The women, however, do not allow more than one. They have also a peculiar objection to drinking and smoking, and in many contracts the husband is told that if he falls into the habit of "consuming liquors or using tobocco" he will be made to suffer.

FACIAL UNGUENT.

Not a few women agree that neither mineral nor vegetable ingredients, among which are vaseline and cocoa butter, can furnish those nourishing qualities to the skin that the new methods of face massage and wrinkle-ironing require. For this purpose animal fat is necessary, and the most familiar substitute is the mutton tallow of which people who have had grandmothers remember was always in readiness for chapped hands and roughened face. The old Roman unguent was tallow. In Ovid's Medicamina Faciei he gives a recipe famous for rendering the skin smooth as a mirror. This was equal quantities of barley and bean flour bound with an egg. This was allowed to dry and then finely ground. This was mixed as a paste with melted tallow and honey and a thick layer applied on going to bed.—[New York Sun.

CUBAN WOMAN.

The Cuban woman, as a rule, is not beautiful. If this be treason make the most of it. She has tawny hair, a charming brown eye and a certain duskiness of skin that we may call the olive complexion. Seen in a half light, her face half shrouded, too, by a black mantilla and our minds predisposed to credit her with all the charms of a per-fervid and tropical womanhood, she is a creature to admire without stint or reason. But in the full glare of the electric light or beneath the noonday sun—which she always avoids—the tawny skin shows a covering of powder that renders it ghastly white, and there is rarely that delicacy of feature that comes from high breeding and the cultivation of a bright mind within a well nourished body.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE NUDLESS GOWN.

One good effect of short skirts, if ever generally adopted, will be to force women to learn how to walk well. At present they shuffle, mince, turn in one foot, do everything but walk, says Kate Field's Washington. Nothing commands more respect than dignity of carriage, always excepting elegance and dignity of speech; and when my sex discovers that feet have a higher mission than to be crowded into boots and shoes too small for them, and that corns are an offense against nature, the reign of noble bearing may set in.

"It's the rarest thing in the world to find a foot with straight toes among women," say chiropodists. "They lap and overlap, and frequently are doubled under. As for bunions, well, they are the rule." No woman with a distorted foot can walk naturally, and it stands to reason that such torturing of the extremities must conduce to physical ailments of various kinds. So turn it which way we will, tight boots are an abomination. Let the apostle of the nudless gown but introduce a fetching covering for the feet and prove herself mistress of the art of walking, and she will go a long way toward breaking down those most formidable of barriers, tradition and prejudice.

FASHION NOTES.

White satin—indeed, satin of all sorts is one of the leading fabrics.

A popular combination is light tan color with black and yellow.

White moire is a popular fabric for bridal dresses.

Navy blue and red are used together.

Women who can afford the luxury have lamp shades to correspond with their various house gowns, so that a beautiful harmony may be preserved.

In gloves shades of fawn and beaver are much worn. Short gloves are still in favor for tailor made gowns, while long ones are relegated to evening wear.

The address is still placed at the top of letter paper, and is more used than the monogram, although that is by no means out of style. This is placed at one side.

Many of the elegant dresses are made in princess fashion. This gives better opportunity for producing fine drapery effects in the thin materials which are so extensively used.

Some of the new bell skirts have slender A-shaped sections set in the lower portions of the skirt from the hem upward. These are of contrasting color or are embroidered or otherwise fancifully decorated.

A combination of soft crepons and common cambrics or cottonnades is the latest novelty in the realm of fashion. Satin as a trimming is better preferred to velvet and moire, together with narrowly striped ribbons.

The styles of the year 1870 are surely coming in. In stationery Hurd's royal purple is a popular shade at the present moment. Bank note paper is also in vogue. Very small note paper is in fashion in delicate shades.

Night dresses are made of fine striped or dotted percale, or of bastiste, as well as of silk. Often a blouse effect is given to a night dress, which may have an embroidered belt. The skirt may be simply finished with a deep hem or elaborately trimmed, according to the taste.

Deep, full, bertha-like trimming is very popular for thin dresses. A costume of crepon has a deep frill finished with wide gauze ribbon. This frill is set around the shoulders and down the front in V shape, and is sufficiently deep to fall almost to the waist-line and very nearly to the elbows.

The Greek style of coiffure is preferred to all others. The hair must be waved, and, if possible, all over. The yolk of an egg rubbed weekly into the roots of the hair, and then washed out with plenty of soft water, cleans the hair and makes it soft, while a sun bath gives it a lightness and fluffiness very desirable to the blond type.

Sleeves continue to consist of two distinct parts, one falling well over the elbow and being comparatively loose, and the other, from the elbow, being quite tightly fitting. Very often the whole sleeve is in the same material, the fulness of the upper portion slightly overlapping the tight part.

It would seem that the low, flat-crowned hats are either quite going out, or else will be in a minority, for the new ones are furnished with higher crowns, and are profusely trimmed. Strings are now worn with hats, being brought round from the back, tied under the chin, and thence falling to the knee in long ends. The sabot is in favor, the point rising straight above the centre of the forehead.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

—A German engineer concludes that if the speed instead of the load of freight trains be increased from fourteen to twenty-eight miles per hour the expenses per car mile at the higher speed would be one-fourth less for repairs and only one-fifth more for fuel.

An installation of electric light is being laid down in the Batignolles Tunnel near Paris, in which the incandescent lamps are placed at a height of about fifteen feet above the rails. The light is received by plates of burnished tin covered with glass, which reflect a soft and agreeable light into the carriages.

The most imposing display of shooting stars on record occurred on the night of November 13, 1833, and was witnessed in the greater part of civilived North America. To be exact, it extended over the limits comprised between longitude sixty-one degrees in the Atlantic, and 100 degrees in Central Mexico, and from the latitude of the Great Lakes to the West Indies. Seldom has nature exhibited a scene of greater or more awful sublimity. A resident of the vicinity of Niagara Falls gives the following account of this the grandest display of natural fireworks.—"The two leading powers in nature, water and fire, seemed to engage in an emulative display of their Grandeau. The deafening roar of the cataract filled the mind of the spectator with an infinitely heightened sense of sublimity when its waters were lightened by the glare of the meteoric torrent in the sky. In many parts of the country the people were stricken dumb, imagining that the end of the world had come. Others, whose education and vigor of mind prevented them from yielding to such terrors, were, nevertheless, vividly reminded of the grand description in the Apocalypse, where it says, 'The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind.'"

In 1832 a similar celestial exhibition, though of lesser magnitude, was witnessed along the Ohio River and off the coast of and Spain; the year before, 1831, a great "fall of stars" was reported by Captain Hammonds, of the British vessel Restitution, then sailing in the Indian Ocean. It is rather remarkable that each of these "star showers" occurred on the night of November 13.

The Lion of St. Mark.

That symbol of the Venetian Republic—the famous Lion of St. Mark—which, after being restored, was replaced yesterday on its column in the Piazzetta at Venice, is made of bronze. There is a tradition among the Venetian people that its eyes are diamonds; they are really white agates, faceted. Its mane is most elaborately wrought, and its retracted, gaping mouth and its fierce mustaches give it an Oriental aspect. The creature as it now stands belongs to many different epochs, varying from some date previous to our era down to this century. It is conjectured that it may have originally formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian palace. St. Mark's lion it certainly was not originally, for it was made to stand level upon the ground, and had to be raised up in front to allow the Evangel to be slipped under its forpaws. Last year the granite column on which the lion stood was seriously of plumb, and the authorities decided on its rectification. The work was entrusted to Signor Vendrasco, who by passing a copper bar through the axis of the shaft and by balancing the whole shaft upon the rod, compelled it to return to the perpendicular. The work was attended with no little danger and difficulty, but within three days was entirely successful. Signor Vendrasco being able to say: "I am master of the column; she obeys me as I choose."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WYOMING oil lands are proving to be the richest in the world; soda lakes contain train loads of pure soda; asbestos deposits are attracting much attention; gold and silver mines are wonderfully rich.

BETWEEN the ages of twenty and forty, prisoners die of consumption much more rapidly than people outside of confinement, but whether this is owing to the confinement or to the previous lives of the convicts is not clear. Few criminals of any kind live to be old men.

THE good ship of the Triple Alliance, which for twenty-two years has maintained peace in Europe, is near stranding on the reefs of financial bankruptcy. Austria, as well as Italy, feels the enormous burdens its expensive equipment imposes, and the withdrawal of support of either nation will sink it out of sight. After that, the long-expected European war.

THE Budget of the French Army illustrates the effect of war on succeeding generations of the conquered nation. In 1893 the young men born in 1871, during the Franco-German war, will be obliged to do military service. The number of conscripts for that year will be four thousand less than for 1892. The conscription will not again reach its normal proportions until 1895. This shows the depression in birth statistics from 1871 to 1873, after the war was over.

IT has been a mystery to some people how Italy, a country without gold mines, could obtain the gold with which to pay the $50,000,000 or so a year due to foreign holders of her bonds. The mystery is explained away by Mr. Dering, secretary of the British embassy in Rome, who declares that American travelers alone spend $35,000,000 a year in gold in Italy, while other foreign travelers expend fully double that amount. This is irrespective of the money brought into the country in the form of donations to the holy see by the 50,000 religious pilgrims who annually visit the eternal city.

CABLE despatches say that the rebellion in Yemen against the Turkish Government has not yet been suppressed, and there is no prospect that the Turks, with their present force, will be able to put down the big revolt. This rebellion has now been in progress for a year. People who pass through the Red Sea are almost within sight of the scenes of bloodshed and disorder which for a year have been witnessed in Yemen. Most of the fights, however, have occurred among the mountains, which are separated from the sea by a low, sandy stretch of country. Yemen is the large province belonging to Turkey in the southwestern part of Arabia. The war began as a protest of the Arab inhabitants against the outrages inflicted by Turkish officials, who zealously engage in collecting money, not only for their royal master, but also for the benefit of their own pockets. The Arabs came bitterly to hate the Turks, and, finding that, in spite of their appeals to Constantinople, the situation grew worse and worse, they rose against their oppressors.

THE gold and silver and other mineral exhibits at the World's Fair will probably aggregate in value several million dollars. In exhibits of this description Colorado will naturally take front rank. It is announced that the gold and silver nuggets to be shown by that state alone are worth a quarter of a million dollars. There has been made a splendid collection of native gold specimens, from all the richest mining districts. A single collection, valued at $60,000, has already been secured. This will be supplemented by the finest collections, secured as loan exhibits. The exhibit will be both technical and economic in its character, showing a scientific classification of the mineralogy of Colorado and a correct presentation of its geology. At the same time a popular and massive display of ores, building stone, commercial clays and other mineral products will be made. Models, maps and diagrams will be employed to show the progress made in mining. These will be accompanied by historical data and reliable information regarding the product and formation of veins in the mining districts. In the display will be the "Silver Queen," a beautiful statue of an ideal female figure executed in silver and valued at $7,500 to $10,000.

OLIVE-GROWING is now all the rage in California, and warnings are thrown out that the business is likely to be overdone. In the neighborhood of Pomona, for instance, more than 300,000 trees have already been planted. It must be admitted that the Californians are prone to excesses in the matter of fruit-culture. During the past thirty-five years there has been at different times a craze to cultivate the grape, apricot, Bartlett pear, and other popular fruits, as if it overshadowed everything else in importance. The last fashionable horticultural fad is the olive. A writer on the subject points out that Pomona being the headquarters for the sale of olive cuttings, the conclusion that elsewhere in California the olive is as largely cultivated is unwarranted. He thinks that the distribution of cuttings may go on for years without danger of overstocking the market. Pure olive-oil, he says, is hard to find in the United States, and in supplying it will consist the large profits of the growers. The imported article is in most cases adulterated, and the admission is made that the californian product is sometimes not as pure as it might be, the high price of the oil tempting the dealer to fraud. Were the State law against the adulteration of olive-pil strictly enforced, he says, almost every grocer would be fined or imprisoned. Of thirteen samples of California oil recently examined by the Board of Horticulture, only two were found to be pure. The oil of sunflowers and cotton-seed enters largely into the adulteration.

The principle followed by Mr. Thwaite in his appliance for the prevention of smoke in steam generators consists in the admission of a secondary air supply through a wire gauge of a specific mesh, adapted to offer the requisite frictional resistance to the passage of such air, so as to accord accurately with the "pull" on the grate, which remains unaffected.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

THE Catholic priest of Shamokin refused to marry Joe Deich and Miss Annie Michs because they are cousins. Deich afterward declined to be married and the woman entered suit for breach of promise.

THE cases of the United States against Banker William H. Dill were disposed of in Pittsburg. A nolle pros. was entered.

ACCORDING to an order issued by the Adjutant General, the practice of dishonorably discharging enlisted men for breaches of discipline without sentence of court martial must cease. Such discharges will hereafter be designated as "honorary" in orders.

REV. DR. HARE, president of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, called on President Harrison at Washington and invited him to be present at the G. A. R. day exercises of the Chautauqua at Mount Gretna, on July 14. The President, without giving definite acceptance, expressed the hope that he might be able to be present.

JUDGE MCPHERSON appointed J. C. McAlarney and Charles H. Bergner examiners in the Reading combine case. The suit was formally opened before the examiners by the Attorney General.

ROBERT J. ORDWAY, Supreme Treasurer of the order of Solon, which is now holding a meeting in Pittsburg, was arrested on the charge of misusing funds. Other officers were also arrested on the charge of conspiracy. The accused men declare that the charges were brought, for personal reasons, by a rival faction of the order.

GEORGE MAUER and Edward Sands, of Hazleton, who eloped from that city with Emma Ruch and Sarah Utter, were arrested in Reading.

ELEVEN reasons were filed by the attorneys for a new trial in the case of James H. Coyle, John Rhoads and Michael Severs, the lately convicted Directors of the Poor of Cumberland County, for malfeasance in office.

THE general conferance of the A. M. E. Zion Church which has been in session in Pittsburg for several weeks adjourned. The next conference will be held in Mobile, Ala., in 1896.

IT is reported that the Attorney General will ask the court for the appointment of a master in the Reading combine case.

THE date of the encampment of the Second Brigade has been changed to August 6 for one week.

THE applications of Edward McMillen, the Luzerne County murderer, and William H. Painton, who is under sentence of death in York County, were heard by the board of Pardons in Harrisburg. No decision was rendered.

THE answer of the Supreme Lodge of the Order of Fraternal Guardians has been filed in Harrisburg, in the quaranto proceeding instituted by Attorney General Hensel. A general denial of all the charges made against the Order is entered with a prayer that the suit be dismissed.

CHARLES MYERS, of Mountville, while despondent, swallowed a quarter of a pound of paris green and died from its effects.

PATRICK FITZPATRICK, the murderer of Samuel Early, was hanged in the Allegheny County jailyard.

THREE men were buried by a cave-in of a trench at Scranton. They were rescued with difficulty.

THE jury in the case of the accused Directors of the Poor of Cumberland County, on trial at Carlisle, brought in a verdict of guilty.

THE Welsh Baptist Conference held its meeting at Parsons, near Wilkesbarre.

A TELEGRAPH pole was all that prevented a Scranton street car containing five people and its crew from plunging over a forty-foot embankment.

THE Spring Brook Railway Company and the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company are at odds over a line of road eight miles long near Scranton.

ALONZO SWAN, of Chester, walked into a strange house, removed his hat, overcoat and vest, laid down on the sofa and died.

ROBERT SLEATH, of Tamaqua, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head.

THE corner-stone of the new United Brethren Church at Mt. Tabor, near Lancaster, was laid with appropriate ceremonies.

THE Prohibition Convention of Luzerne county met at Wilkesbarre and nominated a ticket.

J. WATTS MERCUR, of Wallingford, swore out warrants for the arrest of William Kain, judge and Otto Wand, and George K. Rambo, clerks, on the charge of making a false return of the vote of Collingdale Borough at the recent Republican primaries.

SUPERINTENDENT of Public Instruction Waller has prepared a circular which will be sent to School Directors throughout the State and the object of which is to increase the school term in many districts. The minimum school term in Pennsylvania is six months and there are 1200 school districts in the State where instructions is given for that length of time only during the year.

HARRY S. HALL, a Shenandoah photographer, was arrested on the charge of conspiring to burn his place of business to secure the insurance money.

WHILE attending the Methodist Church in Drumore Township, Lancaster County, Samuel Graybill, aged 10, died suddenly of heart failure.

AT the meeting of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association, of Pittsburg, Rev. George L. Johnson vigorously denounced the methods pursued by Dr. Parkhurst in his warfare against vice.

THE Lancaster Prohibition County Convention nominated Joseph Brosius, of Little Britain, for Congress.

A Good Bag of Canvasbacks.

Judge S. H. Green yesterday returned from a duck shoot that must have been a picnic. He was shooting at Green's Lake, near Knapp's Landing, on the Washington side of the Columbia, and during a few hours' shooting, Wednesday afternoon, he slaughtered forty-one canvasbacks. This is one of the largest bags secured by a single hunter during the season. They were nice, fat canvasbacks, too, and fit to grace the festive board of any aggregation of newsgatherers. Canvasback ducks are now said to be more plentiful in some of the lakes than any other variety, although but very few were to be found a few weeks ago.—*Portland Oregonian.*

IN THE BALLROOM.

'Mid rosy banks of rarest bloom,
And sweet low sounds of pleasure,
Adown the silken, scented room
She treads the winsome measure;
And perfumed gallants proudly bend
To meet her modest glances,
And catch the whispered words that lend
Allurement to the dances.

Her liquid rubies lightly tint
The laces that enfold her,
Half lost within the dreamy glint
Of either milk white shoulder;
But, ah! the gem of her pure heart,
Beneath its dainty covers,
Lies hidden from the subtlest art
Of all these would-be lovers.

And quite in vain their courtly wiles,
Their compliments and graces;
For even as, with bows and smiles,
The waltzers take their places,
Within her happy thoughts she sees
Distinct as some old etching,
A winding lane of laurel tree
Thro' far off woodland stretching.

She listens to her praises set,
In silver chorded speech,
But dreams the while of one she met
Upon those vine-clad reaches,
For, ah! the sweetest tributes heard,
The most impassioned suing,
Can never drown the faintest word
Of this remembered wooing.

When golden streams of music fell
Athwart the rythmic revel,
She only hears the cat-bird's call
Far down the grassy level
Of distant pastures, with the glow
Of star-eyed daisies lighted,
Wherein, a few short months ago
Her simple troth was plighted.

As so her fancies dwell aloof,
In blithest freedom faring,
To where, 'neath some imagined roof,
In love and labor sharing,
They too, shall live forevermore,
Far from the gay, mad riot;
And count the blissful moments o'er
In calm, delicious quiet.

—[Nelly Booth Simmons, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

REUBEN CAGGS'S THEORY.

I was sitting in a *cafe* below Fourteenth street with my friend Reuben Caggs. It was a sultry July day, and he ought to have been at his country house on Long Island where he had invited me to spend a couple of weeks. He was, however, a heavy operator in stocks, and, as the market was feverish, he thought it safer to keep his middle finger on the pulse of Wall street than to be driving a spanking team and listening to the rolling and roaring surf.

Caggs was said to be many times a millionaire. Exactly what that term signifies, I can't explain; for my multiplication table ends long before it reaches six figures. I have never stood in the shoes of such a man, and never looked at life through his eyes. I don't know what it means to be worried over the size of one's surplus, or to be harried because one has a couple of fortunes in the bank not drawing a cent of interest. If I manage to make both ends meet on the 1st of January, and can face the new year free of debt, having given the usual half-dollar to the elevated boy who takes me to my room at odd times of the night, and a bright sixpence to the old lady who brings me my morning and evening papers I consider myself fortunate. But to have so much money that one can't count it even in his dreams, to be pointed at on the sidewalk as Jabez Croesus, Esq., who has seventeen horses in his stable, and a box at the opera—well, that's the kind of life my friend Caggs led, and, on the whole, he seemed to enjoy it.

He could say to the jeweler, "Send that home to my wife," and not ask the price of the article. Yes, he could; but I noticed that he always did ask the price, and always managed to get a discount. Now, I pay the asking price for everything I buy; he never does. But then he's rich, and can afford to do such things. Being poor, I don't enjoy that prerogative. The salesman seems pleased to take ten per cent. off for Caggs; but if I should ask the same favor he would probably doom me to one hundred and fifty different kinds of death.

Well, we sat at the table chatting. "My dear boy," he said, "I'm sorry I can't go down to Clover Hill as we proposed; but you see the bears are after me, and unless I have as many eyes as the spider, and keep them all wide open, these *feræ naturæ* will get their claws on me, and then——"

Here followed the most eloquent shrug of the shoulders I ever witnessed. I interpreted it as meaning two things; first, that the bears would find he wasn't within reach when they clawed at him, and second, that if they should happen to scratch him he had so much left that he would not lose a wink of sleep.

How I envied him. He was poor twenty years ago, when he and I were in the freshman class, and so was I. He had changed his mind about remaining poor; but I hadn't. I maintained my consistency, and at forty-one hadn't a *sou marquee*. Caggs on the other hand, was able to hold job with Solomon in all his glory, and could buy up all the bric-a-brac which the Queen of Sheba brought as a present to the King and store it in the attic of his Long Island house.

"Now there's my wife, Julia," he said rather petulantly, as he poured out another cup of Mocha—"there's my wife, Julia. She's a most peculiar woman. She runs to philanthropy, goes into ecstacies over beggar, and reels off a lot of nonsense about reforming the world." A sip of coffee followed this remark, and as he buttered his toast he added, serenely: "The world don't need reforming. Heigho! it's all right as it is. It's made up of two classes of people; those who have made money and those who have lost it. I say with Shakespeare: 'If money go before, all ways do lie open.' There you have it just as it is. No, I don't agree with Julia. She says the poor ought to be lifted up. A pretty big contract that, don't you think so? I don't say this at home, you know, because—well, for a good many reasons; but between you and me, it's all bosh. The higher you lift the poor up, the greater distance they fall. Poverty is the normal condition of nine-tenths of the world, always has been, always will be. It's their forte to be poor; they have a genius for it. Give 'em a fiver to-day and they want another to-morrow. Give 'em a second fiver to-morrow, and they are on hand promptly the next day. If you refuse, the two fivers don't count and they just curse you because you won't keep giving. I have a fixed policy, never to give to any one. It works best in the long run."

The difficulty with Caggs was that he had looked at a dollar so long he couldn't see anything else. Doctors tell us that a man may think of a disease and catch it by thinking. Caggs thought of dollars continuously; and, as a consequence, all the other and finer qualities, having no exercise, took revenge for their neglect by becoming arrested developments.

"I like to see money multiply itself," he continued. "You say, you fellows who haven't any money and don't know the joys of accumulation—you say it's sordid. Bah! There isn't one of you who wouldn't do as I do if you had the chance and the——"

"Brains," I suggested.

"Yes, brains. Look at the farmer; doesn't he take pleasure in seeing things grow? Is that mean and sordid? He plants one kernel of corn, and who can measure his delight when he takes four full ears from the stalk produced by that single kernel? Well, I plant a dollar, and when the right time comes I scoop in a bushel of dollars. That's my gift; I like to do it over and over again. As for benevolence, why, it's out of my line. I'm not benevolent, and don't want to be. Hard-hearted? Yes, if the term suits you. Let the poor take care of themselves; it's none of my business to furnish the world with waffles."

Just here a little mut thrust his head in at the door and shouted "Extree!" He couldn't have been more than eight years old, and was barefooted and bareheaded. His hair and eyes were coal-black, and there was a curiously earnest expression on his face. I don't take to newsboys much; they are altogether too pushing and insolent, but this one interested me. Perhaps it was because I had had a solid breakfast and felt good-natured. There is nothing like a broiled steak to make a man philanthropic. If you add to the steak a cup of steaming hot coffee—with cream, mind you—and a toasted muffin, you become temporarily religious.

The eight year old mut crossed the room and stood wistfully looking into Cagg's face. He was evidently nervous and excited; for he stood on one leg and then on the other, moving restlessly every instant, but all the time fixing his gaze on Caggs.

"Have an Extree, Mister?"

"No; get out," was the only response.

"All about the big fire, Mister."

"Didn't you hear me tell you to get out?"

But the little fellow was persistent. At last, and in order to get rid of him, Caggs pulled a handful of loose change out of his pocket. At the sight the boy fairly glowed.

"Guess you're a nob, ain't you?" he said.

Caggs looked at him, but said nothing.

"A whole handful! Golly! Say, Mister, do you have as much as that all the time? Ain't you afraid to go round alone? If I was as rich as you, I'd hire a cop to go wid me."

Then came a curious crisis. The little fellow's eyes filled with tears and his hands trembled.

"Say, Mister."

"Well, haven't I paid you?

"Yes, but my sister's dead to home. She died las' night, an' I'm sellin' these papers to pay funeral 'spenses. Won't you give me some money, Mister, to bury Sis?"

Caggs was simply dumbfounded. As for myself, I broke into a loud laugh. It was a very melodramatic scene. What a consummate actor the young rogue was. Precocious was hardly the word to cover the case. He was an infant prodigy. Caggs was getting roiled. He dipped the corner of his napkin into the finger bowl and carefully wiped his lips; but I could see that he was becoming very angry.

"Bury your sister, you young scoundrel! I'd like to bury the whole lot of you."

Then he turned to me. "What did I tell you, Hugh? The poor prey on the rich. They won't work, and——"

"My mother works," broke in the mut, in stout defense of himself and his family. "I ain't no liar, neither. A feller can't help his sister's dyin', can he? 'Tain't my fault cos she's dead."

He was pallid with excitement and grief. There was defiance in his eyes, too; and he stood his ground against odds.

Caggs was puzzled. "Who told you that story?" he asked, sternly.

"Nobody didn't tell me that story," answered the boy. "It ain't no story. It's true's you live. If you don't believe it, come along. Guess when you see Sis dead, you'll know I ain't shammin'."

Caggs actually had an impulse to go. He hesitated, however.

"You darsn't," cried the youngster. "You're a great big feller, an' can kick me roun' de block; but you darsn't go home wid me and see me dead sister."

"Hugh, will you go with me?"

"Certainly." I replied. It was a new experience for both of us, a curious chapter in the history of city life; and I was not sorry to read it.

"By Jove!" said Caggs, as we reached the street. "I feel like a fool. Now, if Julia were here, she'd give that young scoundrel a hot breakfast, and believe every word he said; but I'm made of different stuff. I don't like to be played by a boy no bigger than a loaf of bread. We'll follow him, and then I'll have him sent to a reformatory, or somewhere. Somebody's got to put a stop to this sort of thing, and we may as well begin right now. Come, you young gamester, go ahead, and we'll follow. But none of your dodges, mind."

He was so small that his head hardly came up to Caggs' knee; but he stretched out his hand, and said:

"Say, Mister, if you think I'm goin' to jump, just take hold of my hand, will you?"

It was a queer sight—two big men and one small boy. The boy was so delighted at his triumph that he forgot to cry "Extree!" and the two men were so embarrassed that they hardly spoke to each other.

"Pretty business, this!" said Caggs, at length, in a disgusted tone. He looked "as crestfallen as a dried pear." "I wouldn't have Julia meet me now for a thousand dollars. It would look, you know, as though I had gone back on all my principles. I've a great mind to kill that youngster and throw him into somebody's back yard."

Round the corner into Thompson street we found our way, two well-dressed men, and the shabby little mut.

"Good Heavens!" said Caggs; "this is no place to live. I'd blow my brains out within twenty-four hours. My horses are better cared for. Do you know, Hugh, I'm beginning to think we've carried this joke quite far enough. Julia tells me she comes to such places every week; but, phew! one visit is enough for me. Beside, I feel as though this little bunco-steerer were a poodle dog driving us two stupid oxen into the slaughter-pen. I've a great mind——"

"Here we be, Mister."

The slender fingers were withdrawn from the big hand of Caggs, and the boy became almost wild.

"Right up here, Mister. Look out for that stair, cos the board's busted."

It was dark and stuffy, with "the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril"; but we stumbled up one flight, then groped our way round the corner and found another flight.

"Great Scott! I've a mind to take a header out of the window," growled Caggs. "I was never in such a fix in my life. We may have to fight for it, Hugh; but won't it look queer in the papers to-morrow, 'Reuben Caggs picked up dead' in this den! What in thunder did I come here for, anyhow? But I'll make this scamp pay for it, see if I don't. I'll have him up in Elmira for a ten-year trip, as sure as you live."

We reached the door of the back second story room at last. The mut burst in with a loud yell. It seemed like a signal agreed upon, and I fully expected to see half a dozen toughs, and to lose my watch and my money. My fist got into frigid condition, and, being something of an athlete, I determined to give one fellow at least a blow straight from the shoulder which would do credit to my muscle.

"Mamma! Mamma! I've got 'em here they be."

How could so small a boy show such viciousness? I looked at Caggs, burly fellow, and noticed that he was pale.

"You haven't a weapon of any sort, I suppose?" he whispered.

"Not a thing." I replied.

"Well, we may as well prepare for some hot work."

Just then from the dingy room on the side a poor, worn-out woman came. She was startled at the sight of two grim gentlemen on her premises and turned inquiringly to the boy.

"Mamma," the youngest began, "this man said he'd come an' help you bury Sis. 'Pon my word he did. Didn't you, Mister?"

"I beg your pardon for the intrusion, madam," said Caggs with great courtliness, "but——"

"Mamma, he thought I was a ginooine bunco-steerer. Say, now, didn't he?" turning to me.

The woman's eyes filled with tears. It was all so unexpected, and she didn't know the meaning of it.

"Don't cry, Mamma," and the little fellow put his arms about his mother's knees and looked imploringly into her face. "'Taint no cop, Mamma; he's a reg'lar stunner, he is. He's got a drayload of money in his pocket, an' he's going to give us some. An' I've got some, too. See? Here's eight cents, Mamma, an' I'll go right out ag'in an' bring in a lot more."

The woman, Mrs. Carney, told her story. The like of it can be heard any day in any quarter of New York. But it was new to Caggs. Those keen eyes which coldly watched the rise and fall of the stock market were moistened as she went on.

She came from Keene, New Hampshire, she said.

"Why, that's where I was born," said my millionaire.

Then they looked at each other steadily and long.

"Why! Is it possible? You are not Mollie Flanders?" he asked.

"That was my name before I married James," she answered.

"And don't you know me?" he queried.

She looked again, and through her tears saw that peaceful New England village, and recalled the bright and careless days of her girlhood in the long, long ago.

"I seem to remember," she began, but then hesitated.

"You can't have forgotten me," said Caggs. "We went to school together at the Cross Roads."

I thought him really handsome at that moment. There was a flush in his cheeks, and a fire in his eyes, and I understood why Julia Warden fell in love with him.

"Are you Reuben Caggs?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes, indeed, I am," he replied, warmly.

They talked for half an hour. My friend forgot that he was in the second-story back of a tenement house, forgot the stuffy smell of the apartment, even forgot the stock market, and listened to the sad history of a life which began in sunshine but was now clouded with gloom and bereavement. The husband had taken to drink through ill-luck, and his body was lying in Potter's Field. Mollie had struggled for her two children, little Bill, whom we thought a bunco-steerer, and Mamie, who lay in her shroud in the other room.

Bill insisted that we should look at "Sis" before we went. The body was on a pine board supported by two rickety chairs. There was a white, partly faded carnation in her hand. Bill had found it in the street.

What a strange scene! Caggs melted at the sight, and as for me—well, no matter. The woman on the front had brought in a tattered motto and hung it on the wall. The legend was, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Caggs looked about the room, then at the face of the pale sleeper, and I saw his lips tremble. Four months before he had buried his only child, beautiful Alice. When his eyes fell on that motto, it seemed too much for him. The eyes of the many times a millionaire were filled with tears.

"My God, Hugh," he said, hoarsely; "let us get out of this. I can't stand it."

Then he turned to the fragile, suffering woman.

"Molly," he said, "I don't know much about these things, but"—he choked a little—"but I'm sorry for you. I shall ask my wife, Julia, to come and see you this afternoon. She will attend to the details of the funeral." His hand went into his pocket. Giving her a roll of bills, he added, "Take this for old time's sake, and when you want more, come and see us."

When we reached the sidewalk he turned on me almost fiercely. "Hugh," he said, "I can't talk much to-day. You go up town, I will go down town. I've had a new experience, and I shall have to give up some of my theories about the poor. Possibly Julia is right, after all. Good-morning."—George Hepworth in Independent.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

Dust in Factories.—Dr. William B. Canfield read an excellent paper before the Clinical Society of Maryland, in which he dwelt particularly on dust as a causative factor in pulmonary disease. He turned his attention chiefly to the existence of this state of affairs in factories, and he furthermore states that the treatment is to take the patient from his dangerous occupation when the improvement begins at once. Owners of large factories are adopting stringent prophylactic measures in order that may not loose so many good workmen.

The best methods are:

1. To prevent the formation or escape of dust by using wet grinding or by grinding in closed vessels. This is not always practicable.

2. To Prevent inhalation of dust by wearing respirators, etc., but these are uncomfortable and the men remove them at every opportunity.

3. The removal of dust as fast as it is produced by using fans and air shafts. This is by far the best plan Still further the following rules should be enforced:

1.—Workmen should change their outer clothing after work.

2.—They should keep their faces and hands as clean as their work will allow.

3.—They should not be allowed to eat in the work-room.

Obstacles to the Cure of Disease.—A disease is incurable, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, when its causes work on without interruption. Malaria induces an incurably chronic condition if the infected person does not leave the impregnated marshland of his residence. A bronchial catarrh continues stationary, and at last draws the lungs into sympathy with it if the person attacked by it remains constantly exposed to a dusty atmosphere. With like suddenness and energy of the causes of disease, with like continuance of the local processes, the individual's power of resistance, the vigor of his constitution are important factors in determining the outcome. A vigorous 30-years-old man will overcome an inflammation of the lungs which would be fatal to an old man, to a drinker, or to a man weakened by luxury or a life of dissipation or suffering. Finally, "crimen non est artis, sed ægroti"—the fault is not of the art, but of the patient—is the phrase that may be applied to those cases in which the most correct measures taken under favorable circumstances fail to accomplish their purpose, because the patient himself does not or cannot cooperate with them. No treatment can relieve the smoker from his throat-catarrh, so long as he persists in his habit. This aspect of the case is especially pertinent to the nervous disorders which are one of the growing scourges of our age; incapacity and vacillation, the force of outer influences, or the pressure of business too often intervane to interrupt a cure which was otherwise fairly possible.

How, When and What to Eat.—Never fail to eat little, and eat often—it requires less food, is more easily digested, is more thoroughly assimilated, and is the best cure in the world for dyspepsia and a weak stomach.

Never drink much when you eat—it retards digestion, causes you to swallow your food before it is properly masticated, and is the principal cause of your eating too much.

Never eat too much meat—it is heating, and makes you a better subject for disease. Eat it sparingly.

Never think too much about what you eat—the less the better for your stomach. Eat a great variety, and waste as little thought about its effects as possible.

Never drink strong tea or coffee—they both are injurious, coffee being the worst. If you are ailing, the sometimes may act as a medicine.

Never eat too freely during the middle of the day—make your evening meal the largest one.

Never fail to eat an abundance of bread, and as about everything else you eat contains about the same elements as bread made of finely bolted flour, eat what is called brown bread, or bread made of the whole wheat, as it contains elements not found in other articles of food—elements that your system must have to thrive.

Never mix your food too much before eating it—it is piggish.

Never fill your plate with articles of food and leave half of it—it is extravagant and uncultured.

Never eat too fast—the evil effects of fast eating are so numerous that it would require volumes to record them—the effect upon the nervous system is simply wonderful—insanity not infrequently is the result of this habit.

Never starve yourself—it is a common practice, and is exceedingly injurious as well as uncomfortable. To think well, and be well, you must eat freely—mental exercise is more exhaustive than physical, and demands that the system should be properly supplied with food.

Never became a victim of the "two-meal-a-day" bugbear. If you are healthy, three or four meals a day will be better—but do not eat too much at a time. "Little and often" is the motto. Learn from the beasts of the field, and eat when you feel like it.

Never eat by *schedule*—eat when you feel like it, and whatever the appetite demands, unless you are unhealthy—then it may be necessary to diet yourself but too much dieting is frequently the *result* in such instances.

RANGE INSPECTORS.

Detectives of the Plains Whose Work is Very Dangerous.

Column after column has been written about the daring deeds, miraculous escapes and cunning capture of criminals by the detectives of Europe and America. In thousands of cases the praise accorded these officers for their ingenuity and daring has been deserved; but there is a class of detectives in this country who risk their lives oftener, and who must know not only the ways of the highwayman when he is in the city, but also his haunts and his hiding-places and his go between in the tainly settled country as well. These men are on the go almost all the time—to-day down in New Mexico looking for a horse thief, who is a murderer as well; next week far across the Canadian line on the trail of a gang of cattle thieves who have been despoiling the Montana or Wyoming ranges. It is only in the past ten or fifteen years that their worth has been appreciated or their services valued as they should be.

In the early days of cattle raising in Wyoming and Colorado, whenever the range thieves became too bold, the ranchmen for miles around would organize, get on the track of the thieves, run them to their holes and then shoot or hang them. After a visitation of this kind herds would be comparatively safe for a time. Nevertheless thousands of head of cattle and horses were stolen each year and shipped to Chicago, for when the rightful owners received not a cent. The stockmen of Wyoming organized a stock-growers association and appointed for each county in the State a stock inspector. Colorado followed suit in a few years, to be followed later by Montana. The duties of these inspectors were not to look out for diseased cattle, but to inspect every carload of cattle shipped out of the State, get a list of the brands, who the consignee was, and report the facts to the secretary of the association. There were, of course, mistakes made at first, but of late years so perfect has the system become that it is almost an impossibility for a thief to ship a head of beef by rail out of Montana without detection. Gradually the duties of the inspectors were added to, and in addition to watching the shipping points they have become thief chasers. The inspectors are selected from the bravest class of Western men, thoroughly conversant with the country, and men of intelligence. Their powers in Montana are equal to those of a deputy sheriff, and their authority is recognized all over the State.

Among the Montana inspectors are men who could tell some thrilling stories of their adventures, not only with horse and cattle thieves, but with Indians as well. In point of continuous service Inspector W. D. Smith, now the representative of the Montana Association at Chicago, and whose headquarters were formerly at Miles City, outranks his associates. He has been in the service of the association eight or ten years, previous to that time being an inspector in Wyoming. He is a typical Westerner close mouthed and without a particle of fear. He walks with a slight limp, and one unacquainted with his history, meeting him on the streets of Chicago, would almost immediately conclude he was a cattle-grower of moderate means, who was satisfied with life, attended strictly to his own business, and would be the last person one would pick out of a crowd as the most noted trailer of cattle and horse thieves in Montana. The most noted and successful Eastern detectives have continuously in their mind's eye the physiognomy of noted crooks. Smith not only has a wonderful memory for a face once seen, whether a photograph or the person himself, but in addition has the hundreds of brands of cattle and horses in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado so thoroughly fixed in his mind and the location of their accustomed ranges, that if he runs across a bunch of cattle or horses out of their accustomed haunts he can locate them in an instant and he scarcely ever has to consult the brand books issued by the associations. Many stories are told in Miles City of narrow escapes he has had when in pursuit of desperadoes and of brilliant captures he has made after pursuits lasting several weeks.

The Cheyenne Indians, whose reservation is about 100 miles south of Miles City, fear as well as respect him When these Indians have, at various times, committed offenses against the State laws, it has often fallen to Smith's lot to go after the man or men wanted, and he has never yet failed in his mission.—[Helena (Mon.) Independent.

The "Bear-Fighter" Myth.

The gentlemen who figure in fiction as "scouts" and "guides" and what not are reputed to have stood in fringed buckskin, about the camp-fires and told of desperate attacks upon themselves by ferocious bears. They are supposed to have carried so many scars that their bodies looked like road-maps. But the black bear of to-day is not a fighter. Of course, when cornered he will make a fight for his life, as a gray squirrel will. A she bear will fight to protect her young. A wounded bear will turn and beat off the dogs. If exasperated in close quarters, a bear may let drive savagely with both paws and snarl and bite with great fierceness. In this case, it is advisable to retire, if convenient. An old bear encountering some one accidentally in the words will show his teeth. If the man insists on a row he will get a fine one. But the modern black bear is not a fighter by choice. He depends more on his four feet and his keen sense for safety than he does upon his prowess. —[New York Tribune.

In Surrey County, North Carolina, there is a remarkable natural curiosity in the shape of a mountain resembling the famous Sphinx of Egypt in all its details. It lays east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the Piedmont Plains, and looks for all the world like a gigantic crouching lion. Its body stands at right angles to the "Ridge," and its head is reared aloft as if in the act of rising. The whole of this wonder is of rock, and it is several hundred feet high. The shoulders and beast are finely proportioned, and at the distance of a few miles it looks like a thing of life and intelligence. It is said that it can be seen for fifty miles in one direction.

He Voted as She Desired.

Mrs. Seymour-Howells tells a story of a woman who had a husband in deadly fear of her, says the Kansas City Times. He was a member of the Legislature, and his wife had insisted upon his voting for a woman-suffrage bill. He had promised to do so, but his better half was afraid to trust him, and so on the day the bill was to come up she hied herself to the gallery in the legislative hall. The roll was being called, and when the husband's name was reached he got up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I regret to cast my vote against this bill, but——" At this instant a tall woman with a penetrating voice leaned over the gallery rail and said: "Wilbert!" And then Wilbert's knees began to shake. He said in a trembling voice: "Mr. Speaker, I vote aye."

Lots of Walnuts.

The annual crop of English walnuts in Southern California reaches a million and a half pounds.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

The largest piece of asphaltum ever mined in California was gotten out near Santa Barbara, it weighing two and one-half tons.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

As a Drowning Man

Clutches at a Straw

So Mr. Powell Took Hood's Sarsaparilla

And It Rescued Him From Danger.

"A year ago I was in very bad condition. I run down to 125 lbs. The trouble was **dyspepsia** in its worst form, accompanied by

Nervous Prostration

I could not eat, I could not sleep, and at times I could scarcely move my hands. I felt that unless I could get relief soon that **I should surely die.** I at length concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, for

Like a Drowning Man

I could catch at a straw. When I began taking it my face and hands were covered with sores, which are all gone. After I had been taking it a couple of weeks I could not deny that I felt better. I have now taken 3 bottles and as a result I weigh 150 lbs., am able to work again and feel a thousand times better. I am certain that in a short time by continuing the medicine I shall be completely cured as I am now so near it. My friends all express surprise to see such a change.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is indeed a wonderful medicine, and its **claims are fully justified** in my experience." B. C. Powell, Bigelow, N. Y.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

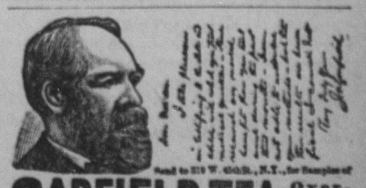
Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used **MOTHER'S FRIEND** before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

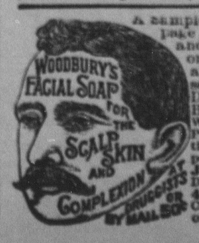
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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JUNE 2.

From the Excursionists.

May 20th. Reached the city of Stockton last evening. This morning at six, the city band paraded along the line of our Pullmans, one-half mile in length, to arouse the visitors from their berths, and have them get ready for the lunch at seven, prepared by the ladies of the city, in the large pavilion, which will seat 2000 persons. The hall was decorated, walls and tables, and the latter presented a royal set-out, exceeding anything in the line of good things we had yet met with, and we had some elegant receptions. After this royal lunch-breakfast,—prepared by the handsome ladies of Stockton, and they all come under this head, the citizens were ready with their carriages, and treated the excursionists to a drive through the city, which has many fine residences and other buildings, and is the largest manufacturing town in the state, and the centre of the wheat country. The grain fields around Stockton look promising.

Through California I find that barley and oats are sown together and cut for hay while in heads. In a previous letter I said, in passing through New Mexico that the alfalfa clover, which grows so abundantly was a coarser clover than our Pennsylvania clover, and am informed in California that it is a far better clover for animals than ours. Hogs freely eat the alfalfa hay and fatten on it without being grain fed, and cattle the same.

At Los Angeles, while partaking of the grand hospitality of Judge Silent, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. John C. Fremont, who resides near, and held a reception in the rear of Judge Silent's residence. She is Jessie, the well-known daughter of Tom Benton, the great Missourian, known in her girl days as Jessie Benton.

The valley we are now in, of which Stockton and Sacramento are the centre, raises enough of wheat to feed the United States.

May 21st, at noon, we reached Vacoville, a great fruit section, peaches, cherries, and other fruits are shipped from this point by the car loads,—cherries are now ripe. Carriages were in waiting and the excursionists given a drive around the country. The ladies showered bouquets in profusion upon the editorial party, and barrels of lemonade were ready to relieve the thirsty and boxes of finest cherries placed in our cars. Vacoville is the town that was so badly shaken by the recent earthquake, nearly all the brick buildings having been ruined.

At Sacramento we met a splendid reception, the citizens provided carriages to drive us around the city, and would not agree that we spend a nickle, as they intended to do all, and right royally they did minister to all our wants. I here unexpectedly met a Centre Haller, David Keller, who has been here a number of years, keeping a store. It was a pleasant surprise.

We reached Napa in the afternoon, where an excellent dinner was in waiting in a beautiful grove, prepared by the citizens, in a first-class order. At Helena we also were treated to a lunch and all the wine desired—wine is as plenty as water all through California.

At Montarey, an old Spanish whaling town, we remained over Sunday. Near by is a Chinese fishing village, made up of shanties hung together like a net. They catch a small fish, called a squit which they dry on the grass and ship to China as a fertilizer; others are dried on lattice work for food. Tom Harter and I fished from the rocks in the bay of Monteray, and had delicious fresh fish for our supper in a private house.

Santa Cruz, a beautiful city gave us the most royal reception and lunch on Saturday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, which we reached this morning, is like all other California towns, a beautiful city. Streets wide, lined with palms and all other tropical trees, plants and flowers. No towns in the eastern states compare in beauty with the towns of California. The residences principally built of redwood, a species of cedar which does not readily take fire, and does not decay. Hotels are grand in their interior, exterior, and the grounds about them.

One can get meals from 25 cents up to 75 and $1, and the cheapest give a good meal. Restaurants charge 15, 20, 25 and 30 cents for meals. Apples I found selling at 6 cents per pound. Other things sell about same as east, excepting wine, which can be had for 50 cents per quart. It is freely drank all through California, and our party have had it presented all along since we arrived at San Barnardino, yet I have not seen a single Californian or excursionist to show the least sign of intoxication. It is the unadulterated grape juice, clear and sweet, and some sour. The ladies drank it freely.

California must be seen to get a fair idea of its magnificence and beauty, and the open hearted hospitality of its people, most of whom occupy their own little paradise, hidden among beautiful plants, trees, shrubs and flowers. The scenery from any of the heights is grand beyond description, beautiful homes, orange bowers, vineyards, flower beds, etc. California has two thousand varieties of flowers, and hundreds of these of rare beauty, setting the ladies wild with delight.

Irrigation has been reduced to a science here, and every cultivated acre, has its little gutters tapping the irrigating canals, and what were once looked upon as desert wastes have been turned into beautiful gardens, orange, grape, lemon, date, fig and olive ranches, that yield from $600 to $1200 to the acre.

San Francisco, May 26th, 1892.

We met a royal reception at San Francisco, which we reached last Monday evening. We take our departure from 'Frisco this, Thursday evening, for a visit to all places of interest in northern California, after which we will run through Oregon to Portland. Some will choose other routes home.

This is a city worth seeing, surely. One can see China here as well as in any Chinese city. The Chinese quarter has a population of about 30,000 right in the heart of the city—a heathen city within a Christian city. We saw Chinatown by night and by day, going down into its underground dens and up into its splendid joss houses, and clubs of wealthy Chinamen. Few of the Celestials have their wives here. Some of them are quite wealthy.

On Wednesday a large steamer left the wharf at 6 a. m., with all our party on board, and perhaps 200 invited guests, in all about 1000, and with a fine band of music the bay, said to be the finest in the world, was circled and crossed to all points. The steamer was handsomely decorated, and we were saluted by the guns of each fortification as we passed. The shipping in the harbor gave our boat "three cheers," from the whistle of every steamer as we passed, which was responded to every time, by three toots from our own boat.

About two o'clock a splendid banquet was in readiness for us on board the boat. The tables were set in all the imaginable good things the appetite could long for—wines, punches, and ice cream included.

After the banquet a landing was made at a beautiful picnic ground, and two hours spent in having a tip of the light fantastic by those who are fond of the dance. A large pavilion at the waters edge was used for the hop.

All the expense of this treat, steamboat excursion around the bay, music and banquet, was at the expense, solely, of the San Erancisco *Examiner*, which is the leading and most enterprising paper on the Pacific coast. The *Examiner* and its treat will never be forgotten by the editors, it will be green in the memory of all as one of the most enjoyable events of this excursion. The managing editor of the *Examiner*, is A. Boyd Henderson, formerly of Boalsburg, who years ago taught school in Penns valley, read law with Judge Orvis, and in 1873 went to California and has become a distinguished editor in the great city of the Golden Gate. Many REPORTER readers will yet remember Boyd Henderson. We called upon him in his sanctum, and there was a hearty handskake, and like Joseph of old, Boyd inquired of me "about all the folks at home."

F. K.

Worth Trying.

A gentleman interested in growing small fruits recommends the following method of saving trees from the ravages of the curculie flies: "Just as the bloom is falling off, and when the plums are no larger than marrow-fat peas, half a dozen small tin cans, empty tomato cans will do, two-thirds full of molasses and water, with a teaspoonful of vinegar added, must be hung from the branches of each tree The curculio fly will be attraced by the mixture, and eat it greedily, forgetting at the same time to sting the baby plums." The suggestton is, at least, worth a trial.

Do You Dip?

The right to dip for fish in the streams of this Commonwealth is very complex according to the various authorities cited, but it looks as thought it was unlawful when the following was received in reply to an inquiry sent to H. C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries. The reply states: "It is unlawful to use any net in the river or any stream at any time." This should settle the question, but nevertheless persons engage in it within sight of the court house, and appear to be unmolested.

For Their Entertainment.

Old soldiers will be interested in knowing that the Senate has voted an appropriation of $100,000 for the subsistence and quarters of the G. A. R., their 26th annual encampment in Washington in September next.

—C. P. Long Spring Mills, will pay you highest market prices for Potatoes.

Boys knee pants, 25 cts to $1.00.

Boys suits, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.

Boys finer suits, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 500. LYON & Co.

JUST IN.

:: NEW LOT ::

—OF—

MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS

—AT—

$10.00.

FAUBLE'S.

BELLEFONTE, - - - - PA.

The following item, clipped from the Ft. Madison (Iowa,) *Democrat*, contains information well worth remembering: Mr. John Roth, of this city, who met with an accident a few days ago, spraining and bruising his leg and arm quite severely, was cured by one 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm." This remedy is without an equal for sprains and bruises and should have a place in every household. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, 50c. per bottle.

Just as sure as hot weather comes there will be more or less bowel complaint in this vicinity. Every person, and especially families ought to have some reliable medicine at hand for instant use in case it is needed. A 25 or 50 cent bottle of Chamberlan's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is just what you would need even for the most severe and dangerous cases. It is the best, the most reliable and most successful treatment known and is pleasant to take. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

Return Postal Card.

The new double postal cards will be ready for distribution on July 1. They will constitute the only means yet provided for the payment in the international mail service, of return postage by the sender of a communication. They will probably be issued in the form of a folder, the two sides of which are alike. The sender writes on one side, folds the card, leaving the inside blank for the answer. This will be a great aid to international correspondence, especially in business circles. The cost will be four cents.

Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-State Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

APPEALS FOR 1892.—TRIENNIAL ASSESSment.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will meet the taxpayers at the following times and places, for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals for the Tri-ennial assessment of 1892. The time for hearing appeal will be between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m and 4 p. m., except when otherwise note":

Miles township, Wednesday, June 22, at the election house, Rebersburg

Haines and Penn townships and Millheim boro, Thursday, June 23, at the election house, Millheim

Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall boro, Friday, June 24, at the election house, Centre Hall.

Spring and Benner townships, Saturday, June 25, at the Commissioners office, Bellefonte.

Harris and College townships Monday, June 27, at the election house, Lemont.

Ferguson township, Tuesday, June 28, at the election house, Pine Grove Mills.

Half Moon and Patton townships Wednesday, June 29, at the white school house, in Half Moon twp., near Capt. John S Hunter's.

Taylor and Worth townships, Thursday, June 30, at the election house, Port Matilda.

Huston and Union townships and Unionville boro, Friday, July 1, at the election house, Unionville.

Boggs township and Milesburg boro, Saturday, July 2, at the election house Central City.

Walker and Marion townships, Tuesday, July 5, at the election house Hublersburg.

Liberty, Curtin and Howard townships and Howard boro, Wednesday, July 6, at the election house, Howard boro

Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, Thursday, July 7, at the election house, Snow Shoe.

Rush township and Philipsburg boro, Friday, July 8, at Public Hall, Philipsburg

Bellefonte boro, Monday, July 11, at the Commissioners office, Bellefonte.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to the assessors of the several districts that they be present with the board of commissioners, on the day of said appeal, in their respective districts as well as all persons who may feel aggrieved. Assessors will please bring all books and papers they have to the appeal.

GEO. L GOODHART,
T. F ADAMS, } Coms.
Attest, J. B. STROHM.
ROBT. F. HUNTER, Clerk,
Com's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., May 28, 1892.

BUFFALO VALLEY FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.

o—Also Steam Forge at Lewisburg.—o

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Union Co., the undersigned Assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of James P Frederick, will expose to sale by public outcry, the following property, on

o——o THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1892, o——o

at the farm building, ½ mile west of Lochiel Hotel, that

o——o SPLENDID MANSION FARM, o——o

in the very heart of Buffalo Valley, on the turnpike between Vicksburg and Lochiel, or Biehl's Station adjoining lands of Jas Biehl, Cyrus Dreisbach, Andrew Ruhl, Jas. Shear and Biehel's heirs, containing 101 Acres and 45 Perches, on which are a Brick Mansion, Bank Barn, Sheds, &c., Hall Wind Mill for water pumping, never-failing Well, First-class Orchard. The land is of the highest quality and needs to be seen to be appreciated.

This is a rare opportunity to buy the best land in the best neighborhood at the fairest price.

ALSO, at the same time and place, the undersigned and Samuel Dunkel will expose at public sale the

LEWISBURG STEAM FORGE WORKS AND FRANCHISES,

being the complete Steam Forge erected on 5 lots of ground in Pardo & Shipman's Addition to Lewisburg. Main Building 120x72 Annex, 30x24 also Office Building. 2 latest improved Bennent & Miles Hammers Two Tubular Boilers, 100 H. P. 50 H. P. Engine, 2 Cranes, Complete Telegraphs, No. 14 Buffalo Blower, 2 Large Heating Furnaces, Double Header Cut-off, 22-Foot Lathe, Centering and Keery Machines, Full Set Fairbanks' Scales, R. R. and Wagon Scales, Full Set Tools and Dies, &c., for all manner of work. Flowing water and connections with Borough's system and siding of Penn'a and Phila & Reading Railroads at the buildings.

Sale to begin at 1 o'clock P. M. sharp.

TERMS.—20 per cent. at sale; 30 per cent. Sept 19th, 1892, and balance April 1st, 1893.

Centre Co. people can return home same day, leaving Biehl Station at 2:30 p. m.

JOHN W. FREDERICK,
Assignee.

For information address, J. T. BAKER, ATT'Y, Lewisburg, Pa.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS for taxes for 1890 and 1891—agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated tracts of land for the non payment of taxes. Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in county of Centre, Penna., for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m.

BOGGS TWP.

Acres.	Per.	Warrantee Name.	Taxes.
433	163	Godfrey Martha	25 82
433	163	Harvey Jonathan	17 46
451	40	Hood Moses	17 68
150		Lane Sarah	6 15

BURNSIDE TWP.

415		Black James	12 46
433	163	Brady Robt	13 01
433	163	Brady Wm P	23 43
433	163	Brady John	13 01
415		Boyd John	12 46
433	163	Cook William	27 43
433	163	Cowden John	27 43
140	122	Cox Paul	24 00
433	163	Dewart John	12 81
433	163	Dewart William	12 81
433	168	Donnelly Henry	12 81
433	163	Fox Samuel M	12 81
433	163	Gray Robert	12 81
433	163	Gray William	12 81
433	163	Grant Thomas	23 43
433	163	Goblin Chas	12 81
360		Guerney Francis	5 04
433	163	Hall Charles	13 01
433	163	Housel John	23 43
433	163	Hamilton Thos	6 07
433	163	Kidd John	13 01
433	163	Lyon John	23 43
200		Miller William	2 80
70		Nickolson Jno	2 10
64		O'Brien Michael	5 74
216	163	Parker Jeremiah	14 05
433	153	Shaffer Henry	23 43
40		Stewart Walker	24 00
433	163	Scott Samuel	13 01
143		Stewart Ann	8 59
415		Tallman Sarah M	12 46
433	163	Towers James	26 09
415		Widener Jacob	5 82
415		Wallace Jos S	12 46
433	163	Wallace Joseph	12 81
415		Weizell John	22 41
123		Wheeler Henry	3 71
204		Withington Martin	6 11

COLLEGE TWP.

147		Johnson Ross	3 96
250		Johnson Thomas	9 00

CURTIN TWP.

50		Brooks Jesse	9 70
294		Bruce Charles	14 27
71	131	Curtin Roland	3 44
294	31	Godfrey Martha	14 27
403		Kelso Rebecca	33 25
100		Kelso Joseph	8 25
200		Meyer Philip	19 40
100		Meyer Simon	9 70
420	48	Meyers Michael	40 41
420		Myer Valentine	40 41
196		Miller James	10 78
115		Taylor Joseph	8 25
160		Willis Jonathan	13 20

FERGUSON TWP.

100		Burchfield Wm	5 55
29	48	Bales Daniel	2 15
12		Glasgow Silas	1 85
10		Hicks Abram	1 30
10		Hicks Abram	19

GREGG TWP.

200		Bishop Cornelius	3 90
200		Carson Jno	3 90
140		Gray Robt	2 73
380		Hubby Barnard	6 41
106	126	Hahn William	7 80
122	31	Hepburn Wm	1 15
144		Logan Wm	2 80
153		Markley Jacob	3 19
88		Painter Joan	1 74
125		Richardson Isaac	2 44
148		Reed Daniel	2 87
118		Taggart Wm	2 29
136		Taggart David	2 66
51		Unknown	1 99
116		Zeigler Michael	7 80

HALFMOON TWP.

121		Barr Thomas	1 92
125		Barr James	2 01
129		Barr Mary	2 07
100		Gratz Michael	1 50
306	89	Gratz Micahel	4 90
405		Gratz Simon	6 49
209		Grove Wendell	3 33
405		Hall Chas	15 21
25		Hayes Calvin M	41
112		Henry Joseph	1 80
135		Lipks Mary	2 14
80		Metz Jno	61
120		Rhoads Daniel	1 92
288		Seidell Philip	6 55
303		Seidell Peter	5 96

HALF MOON TWP.

216		Lamborn Josiah	10 22
70		Jacob Lyle	2 24
44	11	Unknown	1 55

HARRIS TWP.

94		Conley Adam	4 79
240		Duff Andrew	2 80
196		Fisher J C	8 50
200		Gregg Thomas	4 16
93		Henry Stophel	4 65
140		Henry Stophel	1 12
75		Irwin John	1 29
150		" "	3 61
10		Irwin William	52
169		Mitchell Jno	8 70
231		" "	10 76
402	80	McCormick Eleanor	5 87
200		McClellan George	3 05
412	124	Parker Thomas	21 07
400		Reed James	9 60
88		Reynolds Jno	4 59
212		Reynolds Jno	10 81
170		" "	5 09
100		Sankey Thomas	1 75
165		Simpson Nathan	7 53
225		" "	11 99
100		Unknown	1 29
159		Wilson Samuel	8 09
241		" "	12 31
125		Wilson David	6 29
75		Wilson Wm	1 29
30		Wilson Peter	86
152		Work David	7 65
138		Work Joseph	7 05

HOWARD TWP.

107	104	Brown Samuel	8 03
415		Godfrey Martha	14 20
136	92	Harris Jas D	5 23

LIBERTY TWP.

80		Gorrell Wm	6 50
166		Hayes Robt and Jas	19 92
175		Hayes Wm ½ of	3 57
309		Irwin Robt	18 57
185		Jackson Jeremiah	7 41
125		Jackson Jeremiah	5 02
200		Krouse Daniel	8 00
150		Lytle Peter	6 71

MARION TWP.

197		Harris A D	1 80
37	100	Mckinney David	6 95
80		Young Robt	1 24

MILES TWP.

440		Brady Wm P	4 27
278		Barton Wm	5 05
403		Carothers Jas	5 40
270		Carothers Thos	3 70
250		Cooper W E	18 50
424		Calhoun Geo	31 28
200		Gray Robt	14 80
100		Hepburn Jas	2 06
100		Kreamer Peter	3 70
402	134	Miles Wm 9-16 of	16 72
402	134	" " 7-16 of	13 12
58		Parker Wm	4 30
200		Princeton Jacob	14 80
277		Swinefford Peter	1 43
415		Sidell Stophel	30 71
150		Wolf Jonathan	2 78
158		Young Benj	2 91

PENN TWP.

200		McCauly Wm	7 00
300		Montgomery Wm	10 50
276		Montgomery Daniel	11 27
170		Swinefford Peter 1-2 of	2 93
400		Swinefford Geo	7 20

POTTER TWP.

265		Blair Joseph	14 02
288		Bond Mary	5 76
400		Brady Wm P	12 00
81	111	Cameron Alex	1 96
133		Dettinger Christ	7 80
200		Falls Thomas	4 27
268		Falls Thomas	7 88
84		Frick Jno Jr	4 92
198		Fullmer H B	2 51
200		Garrigus Edward	3 90
125		Hubler Bernard	6 82
100		Hunter Alexander	5 76
286		Jacobs G	6 34
200		Garrigus Wm	3 90
300		Gregg Thomas	5 70
275		Gordon Thomas	8 78
300		McClellan George	4 27
314		McKim Robt	19 32
86		"	1 7
138		McKim David	2 70
262		" "	15 34
105		McClellan Geo	2 11
278		Norris John	7 80
94		Patterson Benj	5 62
447		Parker ——	13 40
300		Reed John C	3 00
100		Scott Samuel	5 86
100		Scott Abraham	5 86
178	61	Telly Ferrell	3 90
88		Vanderslice Henry	5 86

RUSH TWP.

433	153	Allison John	204 78
228		Allison James	157 44
250		Allison Andrew	108 00
300		Allison A and Jno Lily	19 20
40	10	Atherton Richard	5 68
381	153	Allison Andrew	18 24
52		Bauman Joseph	4 99
433	153	Beech Wm	45 47
433	153	Brickley Daniel	18 18
433	153	Burg Jno	9 09
433	163	Collins Zacheus	9 09
776		Copenhaver & Whitcomb	30 15
253		Dentler William	24 29
433	163	Ehler Daniel	27 28
433	153	Eberman Philip	20 83
433	153	Fitzgerald Daniel	27 29
433	153	Grant Thomas	163 93
50		Groe Elizabeth	3 25
121	152	Groe & McKeon	12 71
216	156	Grant Thomas	41 47
433	153	Greaves Thomas	9 11
433	153	Gray Wm	19 96
433	153	Hess Henry	9 10
433	153	Hess Christian	9 10
433	163	Hopkins Joseph	14 95
433	163	Hopkins Jno	26 59
433	153	Haines Reuben Jr	62 40
216	156	Hamilton Thomas	41 47
433	153	Irvin Robert ¾ of	13 65
433	153	" " ¼ of	11 39
100		King Robert	48 00
434		Lucas Chas	9 11
433	153	Lewis David	9 11
433	153	Lowden Richard	28 38
433	153	Lowden John	45 47
400		Matlock Nathaniel	8 40
200		Matlock Josiah	4 20
433	153	Malone Richard	9 11
433	153	" "	29 83
433	153	Myers Jacob	57 98
433	153	McClellan John	54 60
26	152	McCoy William	55
425		Morris Richard	8 93
433	153	Morris Casper W	9 09
433	153	Morgan Benj F	9 09
433	153	Morgan B R ¾ of	13 68
433	153	Morris Isaac W	9 09
100		McCord J R & A Campbell	5 25
433	153	Musser John ¾ of	11 39
433	153	" " ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Morgan B R ¾ of	11 39
433	153	Malone Richard	9 09
433	153	" "	9 09
822	153	Old Davis	54 39
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Pinkerton Henry	24 28
30		Phillips Hardman	3 78
14	84	Potter W	1 89
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	11 39
177	84	Phillips Hardman	33 98
433	153	Reed Robert	9 09
40		Reed Jno	5 04
333	153	Rudisill Jacob	29 97
433	153	Rush Benj	103 93
58		Robinson Wm H	3 99
26		" " "	3 78
216		Ramey Robt	10 37
433	153	Slough Geo	41 57
433	123	Stoner Christain	45 47
433		Stoner Jno	14 94
433	153	Siddens Eleanor	45 47
193		Wilmer Henry	18 53
12		Williams J C	1 73
226¾		Wilson John	13 70
75		Wilson Wm	15 75
546	39	Wister Bartholomew	7 27
433	153	Wister Thomas	9 09
433	153	Wallace Jas J	41 57
108		Wilson Jno	4 54
433	153	Zantzinger Paul	54 60

SPRING TWP.

186	115	Purdue John E	9 21
300		Robinson Catharine	11 20
300		Robinson Rebecca	8 40
150		Robinson Richard	5 23
100		Unknown	4 21

SNOW SHOE TWP.

433	153	Fisher Samuel W	62 35
433	153	Fisher Jas C	62 35
433	153	Norris J P ¾ of	9 31
433	153	" " " ¼ of	9 31
216		Parker Jeremiah ½ of	2 97
216		" " ½ of	2 97
162		Tompkins Jos	26 73
433	163	Wain Phoebe	31 82
59	29	Wharton Mary M	2 29
59	29	" " "	2 29

TAYLOR TWP.

76		Auslultz G o	3 65
62		Beckwith Clement	8 95
50		Clark Joseph	4 80
163		Hoosman Elizabeth	12 62
434		Montomery W W	9 98
216	156	McEwen Polly	29 83
434		Montgomery John	9 98
100		Master Thomas	9 60
209		Whitehead Richard	19 20

UNION TWP.

150		Brown William	6 30
117		Davis Boyce	5 25
159	140	Mann Harvey	6 68
433	163	Wistar Wm	17 50

WALKER TWP.

92	91	Askers Robert	2 01
214	10	Baker John	7 48
362		Brooks Ruth	2 89
247	65	Baker Robert	5 43
180	129	Cutler Mary	6 16
60		" "	1 32
115	113	Dangherty Mary	2 54
179	110	Dangherty Elizabeth	3 96
69	39	Evans Jesse	1 51
100	39	" "	2 20
92	26	Eckert Wm	2 02
80		Fry Geo	3 52
243	55	Gilbert Wm	5 26
211	72	Hahn Peter	4 66
22	47	Hahn Ebenezer	51
65	40	Hahn Wm	1 43
219	39	James Margaret	4 84
215	155	James Edward	4 75
59	40	Johnson David	1 32
161		Knox John	6 60
325	160	Mansell Wm	7 22
90	94	Mercer John	2 01
327	100	Mercer David	7 22
384	36	Miller Wm	8 47
443	59	Osman Captain	4 64
86	40	Packer Job	1 91
89	40	Packer James Jr	2 00
182		Purcen Richard	6 60
100		Purcen John	2 29
175		Robinson Richard	6 60
88	54	" "	1 93
382	138	Sutler Daniel	8 44
12		Wilson Robert	27

WORTH TWP.

33		Clymer Henry	1 84
74		Campbell Robert	38
300		Hawthorn Thos	3 46
345		Kuhns Jno	23 00
260		Lawman Geo	4 60
330		Mayland Jasper	4 53
274		Miles Samuel	18 40
86		Ross John	5 92
100		Shippen Thos L	14 70
79		Swanwick John	4 83
6		Singer John	69
88		Shippen Wm Jr	3 45
247		Wister Wm	15 41
39		Wister Daniel	2 40
107		Unknown	15 19

NOTE.

In accordance with the act of June 6th, 1887, interest will be added to the amount of all taxes assessed against unsented lands above advertised.

JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

ALSO,

All of the following lots or tracts of land returned by the tax collectors of the following districts, respectively, for the years of 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, to the Commissioners of Centre County, for non payment of taxes, according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to the sale of seated lands for taxes:

Acres.	Lot.	Name ass'd in.	Years.	Taxes.
		PHILIPSBURG BORO.		
	Park	Ph'g Park Asso.	'87-88	59 50
	Lot	Frank Neison,	'87-88	15 66
	Lot	J. M. Kepler,	'87-88	53 55
	Foundry	Jones & Landon	'88	78 90
	Lot	Wesley Johnston	'88	23 64
	Lot	Albert Owens,	88	9 1
		BOGGS TWP.		
16		Ruth Negley	1889	2 5
		MILESBURG BORO.		
	Lot	E. A Green,	'87-89	6 32
	Lot	Mrs. Eliz. M'Ghee	'87-89	8 40
		HUSTON TWP.		
453		Austin Swisher,	1887	27 32
330		Bush & Tome,	1887	44 93
	Lot	Lizzie Light,	1887	18
100		E. J. Henderson Est.	1887	8 25
		LIBERTY TWP.		
270		Christian Holter	1888	53 56
	Mill & farm	Jno. Nestlerode,	1889	83 38
		WORTH TWP.		
	Lot	C. L. Beckwith	1889	68
5		Isaac Jarrett,	'88-89	86
	Lot	Elizabeth Snyder	'86-89	64
	Lot	Philip Newman	1889	3 95
	Lot	J. L. Thompson,	1889	20 10
	Lot	John Erb,	1889	58
		SPRING TWP.		
	Lot	J. L Murphy,	1889	4 66

JAS. J. GRAMLEY,
Co. Treasurer.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE OR RENT.—THE undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 35 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank frame house, bank barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water, adjoins the Heckman farm west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road leading to the pike. Apply or address, W. W. HORNER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

SPRING MILLS.

A Lively and Interesting Letter from Spring Mills.

As sure as the world moves so sure does Spring Mills.

The station trio has lost a member; he having lately acquired the art of making pills.

There are more mud holes in the Coopertown road than you can tramp into in one day.

Mr. James Beaty was buried on Wednesday, June 1st, in the Georges Valley cemetery.

Secrecy does not cause strife, and it might smoothen affairs considerably if the swells in town would keep their affairs a secret.

It would be a good thing if some parents would accompany their children to church and keep an eye on them during the services. What say you who have been annoyed?

Mr. M. H. Guise and J. N. Leitzell signed a contract for making the new bridge, on Decoration day. "The better the day the better the deed." Of course this is also the reason why Grover Cleveland catches more trout on Memorial day than any other.

It is exceedingly kute and kweer to be near the foot log about sunset and and see big boys like John and Bob and Tom and Jake crowd around the mistress of the house, each humbly begging for the door key, like so many wee, wee kittens begging for a bit of milk.

Spring Mills, together with its suberbs, can boast of having more names than any other town of its size in the state. But Guinea Hill is on top just now. Whether it consists in the name or not is hard to determine, as the guinea is usually regarded as a timid fowl. Be that as it may, they sometimes become independent and give a person a good flopping. Williams and Wasson can tell you more about this.

As gently sinks the setting sun,
Shedding his last departing ray,
Spooky goes to R's, on the run,
And stays until next day.

The pensive twilight intervenes
And draws its mantle close around;
Till they usurp the quiet scenes,
And wrap each other in arms so round.

Can any view these scenes so dear,
And turn unmoved his eyes away,
Nor feel the watchful presence near
Of two who are so true and gay.

Decoration day passed off very quietly at Spring Mills. The crowd was not as large as on former occasions but a more earnest, truly patriotic crowd was never seen in town before. At 5 p. m. the Veterans began to assemble at the Grange hall, and at 9 quite a respectable number of the G. A. R. and K. G. E. left that place for the Presbyterian cemetery accompanied by a drum corps. Rev. Minnich addressed the people at the cemetery in a very instructive and able manner, after which all went home satisfied that a more orderly crowd was never seen in Spring Mills on Decoration day before.

Der Bower un der Morrick.

From the Middleburg Post.

Wous net far unser bower wer,
Wos wer don unser morrick?
Mer hetta nix tsu fressa nie—
Un sell wer gous tsu morrick.

Die bowera bringa oiles bei,
Doo braucht now gor net grivela,
Sie bringa groes un glenna sei,
Aw gr-ss un glenna twivela.

Now nff dæ marrick geh doo ocht'
Won'd flaisn wid for tsu kocha—
Es wore much bee keu ux ga-schlocht
Dos flaish hut una knuchs.

Dart sin aw fish uff sellem dish,
Won'd wit don koosh sie hola
Die dick-kep sin de katzafish,
Die longa sin de ohls.

Un levver warsht gook usht we fiel!
Of course sell kon mer denka.
Un sou mer levver hawwa will
Dou lust mer brode-warsht henka.

Sie bringa eppel, boona shuitz,
Un sell kusht aw die senda.
Snoolder, shoonka, un sw flitch,
Doh kon mers geld gli shpenda

Sie hen aw turkeys, enda, gense,
Dale dota and dale lavendich,
Dale sin garupt bis on die schwantz,
Se-l coom'd em orrick hendich.

Om end is geld des fundament,
"In God we Trust" hus belt
En dawler is en hoonert cent,
Dare regeneered de weldt.

A Full Equipment.

The REPORTER office received a full and fine equipment of job type of the latest styles and designs, for the execution of all kinds of job work. All old type has been thrown out and their places supplied with new, and we now have a modernly equipped office. Work will be executed with neatness and dispatch. We carry in stock a fine line of wedding invitations, wedding envelopes, cards, letter and note heads, etc., etc., and guarantee our work to be strictly first class,—if in need of anything enumerated give us a call, and we will gladly quote prices.

Surrah silks from 40 cts. upward.

Beautiful dress challies, fast colors, 6 cts. per yard.

Dress ginghams, 6¼, 7, 7½, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25 and 30 cts.

Light, drab, tans, browns and all the new shades in Bedford Cords from 30 to 75 and 100 cts.

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Men's working pants, strong and tough, $1.00. LYON & Co.

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It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

$10,000 Reward

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PIK-RON

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This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations	.25
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3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults	.25
5	**Dysentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting	.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Facache	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25
12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains	.25

SPECIFICS

16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	**Ophthalmy,** or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
21	**Asthma,** Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	**Ear Discharges,** Impaired Hearing	.50
23	**Scrofula,** Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
24	**General Debility,** Physical Weakness	.50
25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	**Sea Sickness,** Sickness from Riding	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility** Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	**Sore Mouth,** Canker	.50
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
31	**Painful Periods,** with Spasm	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00
33	**Epilepsy,** Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	**Diphtheria,** Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	**Chronic Congestions** & Eruptions	.50

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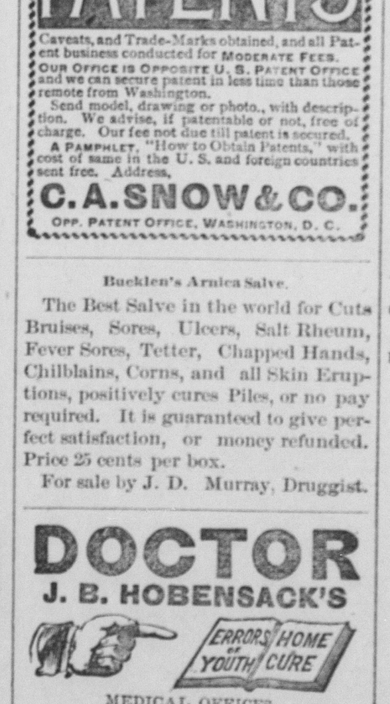
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o——o 2-STORY DWELLING HOUSE o——o

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The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate.

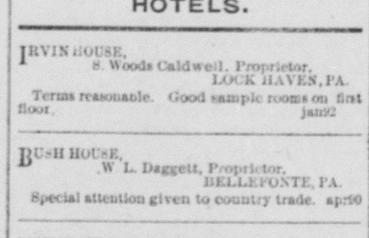
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Time Table, in effect N. v. 15, 1891.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Willkesbarre, Hazleton, Potteville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelpiah at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.35 p. m.—Train 3. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.25 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Potteville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.50 a. m Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.25 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore, 9.00 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.23 p m. Through coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

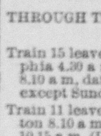
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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 30	4 55
2 20	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	1 20	4 45
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 38	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
3 58		7 53	Coburn	7 32		3 18
4 06		8 01	Zerby	7 24		3 10
4 15		8 10	Rising Spring	7 16		3 02
4 23		8 18	Penn Cave	7 10		2 54
4 28		8 24	Centre Hall	7 03		2 47
4 34		8 32	Gregg	6 57		2 40
4 40		8 37	Linden Hall	6 50		2 32
4 45		8 42	Oak Hall	6 45		2 27
4 49		8 46	Lemont	6 41		2 23
4 53		8 51	Dale Summit	6 37		2 18
5 02		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 08
5 05		9 04	Axemann	6 25		2 04
5 10		9 10	Bellefonte	6 20		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 5.35 and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8.05 p m

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

"I've seen a good many bad-looking snakes and other reptiles in my time," said S. C. Rose of Galena, Ill., "but the moccasin snake that Capt. Heil of our place killed last summer made the shivers run a little colder up and down my spine than anything ever did before, although it was dead when I saw it. Capt. Heil and some friends were fishing two or three miles below Galena. He had just landed a big black bass and was preparing to make another cast when, less than a rod below him, he saw, as he supposed, two big moccasins stretched out in the sun, lying close together. They lay in front of a decayed stump, in the hollow of which they evidently had their home. The snakes were so large, and their proximity so singular, that the Captain stepped cautiously forward to get a closer view of them. When within three feet of them the snakes raised their heads at the same time. From each mouth dashed a fiery tongue, and a loud hiss issued from both. To his utter amazement the Captain then discovered that only one snake was there, and that it was a most hideous thing with two heads. Capt. Heil stopped back, and the serpent darted rapidly after him. The Captain is an old soldier and he had faced many dangers during the war, but he quailed before this frightful thing. The snake rushed fiercely forward, and but for the fact that Capt. Heil had his revolver and is an unerring shot he would surely have fallen a victim to the venomous reptile, so horribly equipped. Drawing his weapon he fired twice in rapid succession. Each shot was effective, and the double headed monster fell writhing at Capt. Heil's feet, both bullets having passed through its body. The body, exclusive of the two heads and necks, was five feet two inches long, and the circumference of the thickest part of the body was nine and a half inches. The necks were independent of each other, and forked like a letter V from the body. Each was four inches long, the triangular heads being two inches wide at the base and nearly two inches long. Dead, it was most hideous; alive and enraged, the Captain says, it was a terror."

The movement for better public roads is exciting discussion all over the United States, which for a civilized country has probably the worst roads in the world. A disgusted resident of Minnesota in a letter to the Minneapolis Journal calls upon the people to improve their highways without considering the preliminary expense. He tells them that in many counties in the Eastern States, where systems of Telford or Macadam roads have been built, the value of farm property has been increased 50 per cent. A poor road, he says, costs more than a good one, since the loss to the inhabitants of the country in damaged wagons and wear and tear of horses far exceeds the expense of keeping the roads in good repair. "What are our common roads, anyway?" he asks. In Minnesota they are "simply strips of country, about four rods wide, thrown open for the public to travel upon. In places where they would otherwise be impassable, they are 'worked'—that is, a body of men who know nothing of building roads make just as little improvement in them as possible, and, considering the result, in a most expensive manner. In spring our common roads are lakes of mud, in summer long stretches of dust, then after the autumn rains, they are mud again. This mud freezes, after having been cut by narrow-tired wheels into the roughest possible surface, and then one cannot travel twenty miles over a country road without having his wagon broken to pieces." In that State the roads are maintained by the districts through which they run, each family furnishing so much labor or an equivalent in money every year. The work is done as quickly as possible, no attention being paid to drainage or even to the question of what is the most durable material to build with. The result is exasperating. Only sound legislation and an aroused public spirit will afford a remedy.

Within six miles of Brandy Station, Va., lives Squire William B. Nalle, whose survival after an unusual accident is remarkable. Some time in the early '70s Mr. Nalle was a boss on the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad through West Virginia to the Ohio River. One day he, with his men, had sought safety from several blasts, and he was about moving forward to see the result, when a rock of several pounds weight, that had been sent skyward a considerable distance, descended directly on the crown of his head, penetrating through his hat and skull and burying itself in his brain. He fell senseless, and his companions believed that he had been killed, but physicians who examined him ascertained that life was not extinct. During the dressing of the wound and the removal of the particles of bone and foreign matter much brain matter oozed out. His family, living in Culpeper Court. House were notified, and he was removed to his home, probably a hundred miles from the scene of the accident. He remained in an insensible condition for some time, and no one believed that he would survive. By degrees, however, he recovered consciousness, but his lower limbs were paralyzed. In that condition he was unable to move about except by the use of crutches. At the top of his head is a hole in which can be placed a hen's egg of ordinary size. Since his recovery he has been justice of the Peace, and on several occasions he has been elected Mayor of Culpeper. He is between sixty and seventy years of age, and, with the exception of his paralysis, he enjoys good health.

That there are more wonders on the earth, in the sea "beneath the earth," and in the sky above it than ever Horatio imagined, is a well known fact which that worthy's most ardent admirers will not attempt to deny. Take for an instance the famous needle-and-thread tree. Imagine such a luxury and the delights of going out to your tree and plucking a needle threaded all ready for use! Odd as it may seem to us there is, on the Mexican plains, just such a forest growth. The "tree" may not exactly be a tree in the true sense of the word, partaking as it does more of the nature and characteristics of a gigantic species of asparagus. It has large, thick, fleshy leaves, such as would remind one of the cactus, especially of the one popularly known as "prickly pear." The "needles" of the needle-and-thread tree are set along the edges of these thick, fleshy leaves. In order to obtain one fully equipped for sewing, it is only necessary to push the "needle gently backward into the fleshy sheath (this to loosen it from the tough outside covering of the leaf) and then pull it gently from the socket. If this operation be properly carried out, 100 or more fine fibres adhere to the thorn like so many spider webs. By twisting the "needle" during the drawing operation, the thread can be made of any length desired. The action of the air on the fibres toughens them amazingly, a thread from it not larger than common No. 40 being capable of sustaining a weight of five pounds; about three times the tensile strength of common "six cord" spool cotton.

A Killingworth farmer in the Connecticut Valley, who had stored his buggy in his barn all winter without using it, went to market at Middletown in it a day or so ago, and as he jaunted along the lonely highway he noted queer sounds occasionally that appeared to emanate from the box beneath his seat. Once in a rough part of the road the vehicle jolted severely, and the farmer thought he heard a feeble squawk, but he paid slight attention to it. Arrived at a grocery in Middletown, however, he thrust his arm beneath the buggy seat and his fingers touched something sleek and lively, and there was no doubt this time that something in the buggy squawked loudly. Thereupon he threw back the cushion flap and peered into the dark recess beneath the seat. In the middle of the buggy box, in a nest of straw, and with fourteen eggs under her, sat one of his best Plymouth Rock hens, who had been trying to keep her temper and her seat on the eggs, in the important business of incubating them, all the way, twelve miles, from Killingworth to Middletown city. She had about lost her temper, though, at the moment her owner discovered her delicate situation, and when he thrust his arm into her business she bridled up and flew into his face. The farmer replaced her on the nest and, without transacting the business that had called him to the city, drove straight home and restored the incubator—buggy, nest, hen, and eggs—to its old place in the barn.

"In a London furrier's," says a woman who has just returned from England, "I saw a curiosity in the shape of a large skin of a seal upon which in three distinct divisions was shown the progress of the fur from nature to commerce. One part showed the fur as it is on the animal in life—a long, gray, bristling sort of fur. The next part revealed the short, close fur that we are familiar with, except that it was a snuff-brown color. This, it seems, is obtained by pulling out the long, whitish hairs, these being extra, the seal possessing a good coat without them. Finally the third portion was the rich seal-brown fur of our ambition. It was quite a revelation to me. If I had been asked to draw the seal at home, I should have sketched a few icebergs and numerous sleek animals in short, glossy, dark-brown skins disporting themselves thereon. Now I should draw him mildly to resemble a porcupine, so far as the coat is concerned."

Miss Emily Keene, an Irishwoman who went to Africa as a governess and taught school at Tangier, is now Cherifia of Wazan and may one day be empress of Morocco. Miss Keene attracted the attention of the cherif of Wazan, a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed and high priest of the Mohammedan sects in northern Africa. The cherif asked her to marry him, and she consented on condition that he was to marry no more wives and to abandon all such wives as he had already. The cherif practically controls the destinies of Morocco, of which he plays the part of mikado to the sultan's tycoon. By Miss Keene he has two sons, the eldest of whom, Mulai Ali, an accomplished linguist, educated by his mother, is as popular with the Mohammedans as he is with the English. It is confidently hoped that the young cherif will one day sit upon the throne of Morocco.

A Scotchman one evening recently sat looking at some mice. An idea struck him. He decided to set the little thieves spinning yarn, and it was probaly a very astonished pair of mice that found themselves a few days later working a small treadmill in a cage like those in which rats and other small animals are kept, but without the slightest idea that they were paying their board in this way. An ordinary mouse can twist over a hundred threads on reels every day, although to do this he has to run ten and a half miles.

One of the vegetable curiosities of Central Park, New York, is a maple tree standing just west of the west side tennis lawn. The tree is fully five feet in diameter at the base, but instead of rising as one trunk it splits into seventeen distinct trees, of which sixteen are alive, and several are at least ten inches in diameter. The seventeenth, a trunk four inches in diameter, is dead, having perished apparently from some defect of nourishment. Near this tree is another maple split into eight trunks.

A strange story of superstition is reported from Homolicz, in Hungary. Several bodies of men had recently been found there with their heads cut off. An investigation was made, and it turned out that these mutilations had been committed by young men who were betrothed to the widows of the decapitated persons. The husbands had died a natural death, and their widows believed that in case they married a second time their first husbands would reappear and destroy their wedded happiness.

The Santa Maria (Cal.) Times tells the following curious story: "Mr. Yelkins had a fine bay horse that had a mania for catching chickens, and one day last week when he went out to the stable, he found the horse lying dead. He cut the body open and found that the horse had actually eaten a whole chicken, and the bones had cut through the stomach, causing death."

The four-year-old daughter of Charles Brandt, a dairyman, near Lebanon, Pa., milks six cows every day. She is small for her age, and it is more convenient for her to stand up than to sit while milking. Only the gentlest cows are allotted to her. She began the practice a couple of weeks ago of her own accord, asking permission to try her hand after having watched the milkmaids at their work.

A unique triple wedding feast was enjoyed in a Bohemian village recently, when a young couple were married the same day that the parents of the bridegroom celebrated their silver wedding and his grandparents their golden wedding. The same day a diamond wedding was celebrated at Hellingenkreuz, near Vienna.

The German kaiser's six little sons are subjected to a severe regimen by their father. They sleep in a plain, bare room, upon iron cots, with hard mattresses and scant bed-clothes. At seven every morning they take a cold bath, and are then put through vigorous gymnastic exercises.

Hugh Farrell, who is not a very large man, attempted to drink twenty quarts of milk on a wager, in Middletown, N. Y. He had ten hours to do it in, but after drinking eighteen quarts he thought he had made a custard of himself and gave it up.

Railroading on the Plains.

Many a strange story the locomotive engineers tell of their experience with animals on the prairies of the far West. Between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains are the great plains, spreading out for hundreds of miles. Probably in no part of the country do engineers come more in contact with animal life. They have taken the place of the old jehus of the overland mail and express in the more modern days of rapid transportation. Often the old stages were in great danger from the great herds of stampeding buffalo. The driver, express agent and passengers, all of whom were well armed, only found safety in the sharp crack, crack of the rifle.

This would either turn the buffalo, rushing with almost the roar of thunder over the plains, or would split the herd, so that it would pass in two droves on either side of the stage. It required men of nerve, for sometimes the buffalo would hardly swerve from their course until almost upon the stage and passengers. The rear of the herd, crowding and urging on the leaders, made it a difficult task, testing the courage of the men who faced them.

The buffalo, or bison, more correctly named, still roamed the plains after the railroads came. The old engineers of the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific and and the Santa Fe used to cut their way through the herds of buffalo. The blow of the whistle and the discharge of firearms would make them scamper away. Sometimes they would blockade a train, but often raced with the locomotive, giving the passengers an easy chance to slaughter them. Trains were also stopped to give passengers a chance to kill them. The racing of the locomotive with the wild horse and the buffalo is a thing of the past. The buffalo is almost extinct, and the wild horse is rarely found. Roping the wild horse used to be a rare sport and industry. A few are still said to roam the Laramie plains and remote sections of country.—[Denver News.

Fecundity of Sea Fish.

The fecundity of some of the sea fishes is enormous. Our knowledge of the subject has been increased by Dr. Fulton of the Fishery Board for Scotland, who has determined the number of eggs produced by thirty-nine species. It appears that the ling produces from twenty to thirty millions of eggs, on the average. The cod produces from two or three to seven or eight millions of eggs; the haddock from two or three hundred thousand to nearly a million, and the cush from about one to two or three millions. In the herring the number ranges from 20,000 to about 50,000, a greater number than is usually supposed. Among flat fish the most fertile is the turbot, with from three or four to nine or ten million eggs. In proportion to its size the flounder produces more eggs than any other fish, the number varying from over 500,000 to about 1,500,000 eggs.

Cats in Egypt.

The first people known to have domesticated cats were the ancient Egyptians, on whose monuments representations of these animals are found as early as 1600 B. C. It is on a tomb erected about 1300 B. C. that the cat first appears unmistakably as a domesticated creature, being shown seated beneath a chair. In ancient Egypt, the cat was an object of religious worship, and was even an inmate of the temples. There was actually a cat goddess, named Bubastis, who was always depicted as having a cat's head. Behind the temple dedicated to her at Beni Hassan, great pits have been found containing multitudes of mummies of cats.

The cat was also regarded as an emblem of the sun, its eyes supposed to vary in color with the progress of that luminary through the heavens. Likewise its eyes were believed to undergo a change each lunar month, and for this reason the animal was also sacred to the moon.—[Scientific American.

In saw mill using pneumatic pipes for taking away the sawdust it is found that the back of the saw usually throws up a good deal of fine dust in spite of the air suction. This difficulty has now been overcome in many instances by an invention for admitting air to the saw hopper in such a way as to cause it to impinge on the sides and teeth of the saw and thus give it an air-blast washing.

At Berlin, in 1891, there were 1,084,826 animals slaughtered, as compared with 1,142,756 in 1890.

THE WHIPPING POST.

HOW THE CRIMINALS ARE PUNISHED IN DELAWARE.

The Leathern Thongs Often Draw Blood From the Victims—A Sheriff, Who Weighs 230 Pounds, Handles the Lash.

In Delaware criminals are punished for various offenses by being placed in the pillory and lashed at the whipping-post. The State of Maryland has a whipping-post for wife-beaters only, and since its establishment wife-beating has been uncommon.

The writer witnessed recently the whipping inflicted on eight culprits at the jail in Newcastle, Del. The construction, which includes pillory and whipping-post, is very simple. A post, about twelve inches square and sixteen feet high, is placed firmly in the ground. On each of two of the sides of this post is an iron band, fastened by means of a staple. These bands are about five feet from the ground, and the hands of the culprit are placed in them and fastened tightly. Ten feet above the ground around this post is built a platform five feet square. Four feet above this platform is a board ten inches wide running through the post and placed upright. In this board are holes through which the head and hands of the criminal are placed. It is the general opinion that when a person has been punished once in the pillory and at the whipping-post the humiliation is so great that he loses all respect for himself and every one else and becomes a hardened criminal. But the Sheriff of New Castle County says this is the case with a few of the worst.

There is no penitentiary in Delaware. When a prisoner is sentenced to continement, he goes to the jail, where he remains in idleness until his term expires. The New Castle jail was taxed to its utmost capacity at the time of these floggings, there being six or seven prisoners in one cell.

At 10 o'clock in the morning the gates of the jail yard were thrown open and a crowd of about two hundred and fifty men and boys, white and black, came in to gaze upon two negroes who stood in the pillory from 10 until 11 o'clock. One was sentenced for horse-stealing and the other for murderous assault. The horse-thief, in addition to standing in the pillory for an hour, received afterwards fifteen lashes on the bare back, and the man who committed the murderous assault instead of lashes got five years in jail. During the time they remained in the pillory they suffered intensely from the cold, the thermometer registering 28 degrees. Both men wore gloves loaned them by the Warden, and one of them, who was thinly clad, had a canvas blanket thrown over his back for protection from the cold.

When they were released they could hardly straighten themselves, their limbs had become so stiff from cold. The one who got five years in jail was formerly a fisherman on the Delaware River, and he remarked to one of the spectators, whom he apparently knew, that it would be a long time before he would fish again.

The next culprit placed in the pillory was a young white man, a delicate-looking fellow, who seemed to feel severely the weather and the punishment. He stood in the pillory for one hour.

At 12 o'clock the whipping commenced. The warden brought out one man at a time stripped naked to the waist, manacled his hands to the whipping post and read the sentence declaring the number of lashes he was to receive. Then the sheriff, whom the law requires to do the whipping, laid on the lashes, the warden counting them as they were given. The whipping is done with a cat-o'-nine-tails. This is a piece of white oak wood, about two feet long and an inch thick, with a handle. A piece of heavy leather is fastened to the other end, from which hang nine round strips of leather two feet long, three-eighths of an inch thick near the stick and tapering to a point.

Every lash which the law requires to be laid on is in effect nine lashes, and if laid on hard will draw the blood. After a criminal has been whipped he is taken back to his cell and his back is permitted to heal up without any medical attention. The sheriff in administering the lashes is not permitted to bring his hand over his shoulder, but must strike from under.

The first culprit brought out to be whipped was a negro sentenced to receive five lashes. His back was covered with large scars, showing plainly that he had suffered in the same way before, many a time. He took his punishment well, as did also another negro sentenced to receive the same number of lashes.

The next was a white man who was shivering with cold when he was brought out, but found himself warm enough before the sheriff had laid on five lashes. His back was red from the shoulders to the waist.

The next culprit brought out was of African extraction. He was a tall, lean, dudish-looking negro, who had never seen a whipping-post before, and came out laughing and in a very jolly mood, appearing to think it sport. He had a little stump of a pipe in his mouth and puffed away at a great rate. While the warden was manacling his hands he was dancing a hoe-down, and kept it up until his sentence had been read, much to the amusement of the spectators. The sheriff took a good deal of interest in him because he seemed so cheerful. He was to receive three lashes, and, as the sentence was light and the fellow behaved frivolously, the sheriff laid them on hard, to the great satisfaction of the crowd. When the sheriff struck him the first time the fellow dropped his pipe and ceased his dancing. The next two lashes caused him to contort himself. It is hardly necessary to add that he was not laughing when his hands were unmanacled and he was led back to his cell.

His successor was a chestnut-brown negro who came out with his coat on. The prisoners are always permitted to wear their coats on the way to the post. This fellow plainly desired to have his hands manacled without removing his coat, but the Warden invited him to take it off, which he did. It was then discovered that he had one suspender, which would have been a great protection to his back. The Warden told him to take it down and he did so, although he pretended not to understand the order at first. Then another negro received five lashes and told the Sheriff that he would never have another crack at him.

The negro horse thief who had stood in the pillory an hour was then brought out and got his fifteen lashes. He stood them well, although the dark part of the skin was removed in several places.

The last culprit to be whipped was a young white man who had been sentenced for burglary to several years' imprisonment, one hour in the pillory and twenty lashes. Although young, he was an old offender and had spent about half his life in jail. He was a delicate looking man and seemed to be suffering intensely. He had stood an hour in the pillory—from eleven o'clock to twelve o'clock—and when he was brought out and while his hands were being manacled he looked at the crowd and then at the Sheriff in the most pleading manner. His twenty lashes were laid on as lightly as possible, but before he had received the twentieth one the blood had begun to trickle down his back. The twenty lashes were in effect a hundred and eighty, as with each stroke he received, nine tails struck him.

He had apparently suffered much in the pillory, and while the lashes were falling he squirmed and twisted and bent himself almost double. Several of the crowd laughed at his actions. When the Sheriff had finished the prisoner turned to the crowd and remarked with great truth that if they were to suffer as he had they would not laugh. The Sheriff said the fellow had heart disease.

There is an interesting story connected with this man. When a boy he was adopted by an old and wealthy sea captain of Boston, Mass. The captain became very much attached to the boy, and, having no children, determined to make him his heir. The boy, after living a long time with the old captain, left him and began his downward career. After he had been sent to the New Castle jail, and a few days before he was whipped, the old captain called at the jail to see him. He held a long conversation with the prisoner and seemed to be very much affected. With tears in his eyes he told the Warden that if the prisoner had behaved himself properly he would now be worth over $100,000.

William Simmons, the Sheriff of New Castle County, who handled the cat, is a handsome man with a kindly face, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weighs 259 pounds.—[New York World.

THE SEAL HUNTERS.

Small Reward for an Exposed and Perilous Occupation.

The life of a seal-hunter, writes Reno Bache, in the Boston Transcript, is as dangerous and exposed a calling as human ingenuity has ever devised. In the North Pacific the skies are nearly always overcast and gales blow continually. Fogs settle down without a moment's warning, not to rise again perhaps for days or weeks. Yet from the deck of a schooner two men will launch a small dory, with only a keg of water and a bag of hardtack, and pull out to windward into the ocean waste, so as to be just in sight of the vessel or within hailing distance of a boat between themselves and the vessel, taking their chance of getting back safely. Very often they are lost. Death in its most frightful form, from thirst, is the fate always to be looked forward to as more than possible by the pelagic sealer. The fog suddenly descends like a curtain, damp, and impenetrable to the strained vision; the answering hail comes not. It is the old story, so oft repeated. Two human beings adrift in a skiff, lost in a desert of stormy waters! No hope that is worth mentioning exists for them. What use to row when all is blindness and there is no guide to steer by. Days of agony on short allowance of water, then madness, and finally—

But why pursue the horror further. No one who has never sailed upon those wind-swept seas nor stared into those frightful fogs can realize the risks which are taken every day of their lives by these hunters, or understand, in view of the small reward they receive, why they pursue such an occupation. The gunner is paid for the skins he gets, from $2.50 to $5 apiece, according to size and quality. The boat-puller is paid from 40 cents to $1 a skin, though sometimes he works for $30 a month. Ten skins make a very big day's catch, and to get so many the hunter will usually expend from 150 to 200 cartridges. That would signify about $40 for the hunter, whose labor is highly skilled, and $4 for the puller. The owner of the vessel provides the ammunition. Indians have their own spears and canoes. They get the same prices for skins as the white men, but do not secure so many.

When the skins have been brought aboard, they are rubbed with plenty of salt, to preserve them. Enough of the fat is left upon them to hold the salt. This fat has an extraordinarily offensive odor. The smell is not only disagreeable, but it has a certain sickening quality which turns the stomach of anyone who is not accustomed to it. When the officers of the Revenue Marine board a sailing schooner, their first proceeding is almost invariably to go to the rail of the vessel and relinquish whatever they have eaten recently with an abandon which appears to signify that they have no further use for it whatever.

Old Kentucky Homes.

Rather to the country than to the towns in Kentucky must one look for the local history of the home life. There first was implanted under English and Virginian influences the antique style of country-seat; there flourished for a time those gracious manners that were the high-born endowment of the olden school; there in piquant contrast were developed side by side the democratic and aristocratic spirits, working severally toward equality and caste; there was established the State reputation for effusive private hospitalities; and there still are peculiarly cherished the fading traditions of more festive boards and kindlier hearthstones. If the feeling of the whole people could be interpreted by a single saying, it would perhaps be this: that whether in town or country—and if in the country, not remotely here or there, but in well-nigh unbroken succession from estate to estate—they have attained a notable stage in the civilization of the home. This is the common conviction, this the idle of the tribe. The idol itself may rest on the fact of provincial isolation, which is the foreness of self-love and neighborly devotion; but it suffices for the purpose to say that it is an idol still, worshipped for the divinity it is thought to enshrine. Hence you may assail the Kentuckian on many grounds, and he will hold his peace. You may tell him that he has no great cities, that he does not run with the currents of national progress, but never tell him that the home life of his fellows and himself is not as good as the best in the land. Domesticity is the State porcupine, presenting an angry quill to every point of attack. To write of homes in Kentucky, therefore and particularly of rural homes, is to enter the very citadel of the popular affections.—[Century.

RELIABLE RECIPES

Quick Pudding.—Boil some rice; when done break in three eggs, half a cup of cream or milk and flavor to suit the taste. Give it one boil and send it to the table with bits of butter on the top.

Pork Chops.—Tender pork chops done in this way are simply delicious: Fry them brown on both sides; pour off all the grease, adding about half a pint of Espagnole sauce and a tablespoonful of curry paste. Put the lid on the saucepan and simmer to chops on the fire very gently for ten minutes longer, then add a small piece of glaze. Toss the whole together, and dish them by arranging them in a circle and fill the centre with curried rice, pour the sauce over the chops and serve.

Barley Soup.—Wash the soup meat, put it into the stew-pan, just cover with water, and take off the scum as it arises. Wash and pick over carefully half a pound of pearl barley. Put this with the meat—also a small onion cut into very small pieces. Flavor with catsup; add a little pepper and salt; add, now, a little more water, and cook until the barley is is soft. You may add any vegetables desired. A tiny pinch of celery seed gives a fine flavor to any soup. Cook the barley about an hour and a-half.

Creamed Salmon.—Open a can of salmon and pour off the fluid, as there is some natural oil from salmon which does not improve by cooking. Fill the can with boiling water, in which a half-teaspoonful of salt has been added, and set the can in a vessel of boiling water, so that it will be heated through. Shred the fish, and to one pound of it take one pint of milk, one-eighth of a pound of butter, and one tablespoonful of flour. Boil the milk, and if the flavor of onion is not disagreeable, boil an onion in the milk (in which case strain the milk). Rub the flour and butter together, put them into the hot milk and let boil until thick, seasoning with pepper and salt. Into a baking-dish place a layer of the fish, then a layer of the white sauce, sprinkling this with bread crumbs. Continue in this way until the dish is full, ending with the bread crumbs, bake until hot through and brown on top.

An Electric Marvel.

One of the marvels of the recent electrical exposition at Frankfurt was a six-foot electric search light of 20,000 candle power. Schuckertt, the Nuremberg electrician, astonished Europe in its construction. Schuckertt is now at work on a larger light for the World's Fair at Chicago. It will be seven and one-half feet, and of at least 52,000 candle power. The Frankfurt light could be seen plainly at Bingen on the Rhine, forty-five miles away. It is expected that the search light at the World's Fair can be seen at least sixty miles away. Electrical Engineer Sargent is making plans for a tower 300 feet high, on which the big light will be mounted. At a height of 100 feet above the ground will be two six-foot search lights, and the three will suffice to illuminate the skies for miles around Jackson park. Brilliant feats are accomplished with these search lights. Sheets of light can be projected with parallel, converging or diverging rays. When the rays are thrown out parallel a clearly defined sheet of flame seems to be suspended in the darkness. By changing the reflector the rays are brought to a focus at long distance from the central station. These lights, turned on the buildings and alternately shot into the heavens or out across the lake, will produce brilliant electrical effects.

Egg Lore.

We believe that there must be a surplus of food to produce eggs. In other words, it needs a certain amount of food to sustain life, and all beyond that goes towards the manufacture of eggs. We dare not, however, overfeed, nor can we expect a profit by underfeeding. A scientist says that an excess of certain foods causes the ova to be produced too rapidly. In the natural course of events only one ovum should be produced in twenty-four hours, and for five or six successive days. If two ova are produced in one day of twenty-four hours, various eccentricities result. Sometimes two pass into the oviduct together, and a double yolked egg results. Occasionally two perfect chickens may be hatched from one of these, but usually only one. Sometimes the one is possessed of abnormal parts, as a surplus of legs or wings. Another irregularity from over-fat is an egg within an egg. The oviduct being irritated, contracting in front of the perfectly formed egg, instead of behind it, forced it back until it met another yolk, when the two joined company and passed down the oviduct together.

Soft-shelled eggs are not a rarity by any means. They are more common to hens kept in close quarters and becoming overfat. Exercise is the best preventive. For this reason there is less trouble of this kind on the farm—the complaints generally reaching us from those keeping fowls in small yards.—[Germantown Telegraph.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Selah."

TEXT: "*Selah.*"—Psalms lxi., 4.

The majority of Bible readers look upon this word of my text as of no importance. They consider it a superfluity, a mere filling in, a meaningless interjection, a useless refrain, an undefined echo. Selah! But I have to tell you that it is no Scriptural accident. It occurs seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. You must not charge this perfect book with seventy-seven trivialities. Selah! It is an enthroned word. If, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathon, a Thermopylæ, a Sedan, a Waterloo. It is a word decisive, sometimes for poetic beauty, sometimes for grandeur, and sometimes for eternal import. Through it roll the thundering chariots of the Omnipotent God.

I take this word for my text because I am so often asked what is its meaning, or whether it has any meaning at all. It has an ocean of meaning, from which I shall this morning dip up only four or five bucketfuls. I will speak to you, so far as I have time, of the Selah of poetic significance, the Selah of intermission, the Selah of emphasis and the Selah of perpetuity.

Are you surprised that I speak of the Selah of poetic significance? Surely the God who sapphired the heavens and made the earth a rosebud of beauty, with oceans hanging to it like drops of morning dew, would not make a Bible without rhythm, without redolence, without blank verse. God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people, for in this world of malaria and casualty an octogenarian is exceptional, and as thirty years is more than the average of human life, if the Bible is to be a successful book it must be adapted to the young. Hence the prosody of the Bible—the drama of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the epic of Judges, the dithyrambic of Habakkuk, the threnody of Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's Song, the oratorio of the Apocalypse, the idyl, the strophe and antistrophe, and the Selah of the Psalms.

Wherever you find this word Selah it means that you are to rouse up to great stanza, that you are to open your soul to great analogies, that you are to spread the wing of your imagination for great flight. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder; I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved; I bear up the pillars of it. Selah." "Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory. Selah." "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Selah." "I will hide under the covert of Thy wings. Selah." "Oh, God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy people, when Thou didst march through the wilderness. Selah."

Whoever you find this word it is a signal of warning hung out to tell you to stand off the track while the rushing train goes by with its imperial passengers, Poetic word, charged with sunrise and sunset, and tempest and earthquake, and resurrections and millenniums.

Next I come to speak of the Selah of intermission. Gesenius, Tholuck, Hengstenberg and other writers agree in saying that this word Selah means a rest in music; what the Greeks call a diapsalma, a pause, a halt in the solemn march of cantillation.

Every musician knows the importance of it. If you ever saw Jullien, the great musical leader, stand before five thousand singers and players upon instruments, and with one stroke of his baton smite the multitudinous hallelujah into silence, and then, soon after that, with another stroke of his baton rose up the full orchestra to a great outburst of harmony, then you know the mighty effect of a musical pause. It gives more power to what went before; it gives more power to what is to come after.

So God thrusts the Selah into His Bible and into our lives, compelling us to stop and think, stop and consider, stop and admire, stop and pray, stop and repent, stop and be sick, stop and die. It is not the great number of times that we read the Bible through that makes us intelligent in the Scriptures. We must pause. What though it take an hour for one word? What though it take a week for one verse? What though it take a year for one chapter? We must pause and measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the universe, the eternity of meaning in one verse.

I should like to see some one sail around one little adverb in the Bible, a little adverb of two letters, during one lifetime—the word "*so*" in the New Testament passage, "God so loved the world." Augustine made a long pause after the verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and it converted him. Matthew Henry made a long pause after the verse, "Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise," and it converted him. William Cowper made a long pause after the verse, "Being freely justified by His grace," and it converted him. When God tells us seventy-seven times meditatively to pause in reading two books of the Bible, He leaves to our common sense to decide how often we should pause in reading the other sixty-four books of the Bible.

We must pause and ask for more light. We must pause and weep over our sins. We must pause and absorb the strength of one promise. I sometimes hear people boasting about how many times they have read the Bible through, when they seem to know no more about it than a passenger would know about the State of Pennsylvania who should go through it in a St. Louis lightning express train and in a Pullman "sleeper," the two characteristics of the journey, velocity and somnolence. It is not the number of of times you go through the Bible, but the number of times the Bible goes through you. Pause, reflect. Selah!

So also on the scroll of your life and mine. We go rushing on in the song of our prosperity from note of joy to note of joy, and it is a long drawn out legato, and we become indifferent and unappreciative when suddenly we come upon a blank in the music. There is nothing between those bars. A pause. God will fill it up with a sick bed, or a commercial disaster, or a grave. But, thank God, it is not a breaking down. It is only a pause. It helps us to appreciate the blessings that are gone. It gives us higher appreciation of the blessings that are to come.

The Selah of Habakkuk and David is a dividing line between two anthems. David begins his book with the words, "Blessed is the man," and after seventy-four Selahs he closes his book with the words, "Praise ye the Lord." So there are mercies behind us, and there are going to be mercies before us. It is good for us that God halts us in our fortunes, and halts us with physical distress, and halts us at the graves of our dead. More than once you and I have been halted by such a Selah. You wrung your hands and said: "I can't see any sense in this Providence; I can't see why God gave me that child, if He is so soon going to take it away. Oh, my desolate home! Oh, my broken heart!" You could not understand it. But it was not a Selah of overthrow. It gave you greater appreciation of the blessings that have gone; it will yet give you greater appreciation of the blessings that will come.

When the Huguenots were being very much persecuted in France a father and mother were obliged to fly from the country, leaving their child in the possession of a comparative stranger. They did not know whether they would ever return, or returning, if they would be able to recognize their child, for by that time she might be grown. The mother was almost frenzied at the thought of leaving the child, and then, even if coming back again, not being able to know her. Before they left the father drew his sword and he marked the wrist of that child with a deep cut. It must have been a great exigency to make a father do that.

Years of absence passed on and after awhile the parents returned, and their first anxiety was to find their lost child. They looked up and down the land, examining the wrists of the young people, when lo! after awhile the father found a maiden with a scar upon her wrist. She knew him not, but he knew her. And oh, the joy of the reunion! So it is now. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." He cutteth, He marketh and when He comes to claim His own the Lord will know them that are His; know them by the scar of their trouble, know them by the stroke of their desolation.

Oh, it is good that the Lord sometimes halts us. David says, "It is good that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word." Indeed, we must all soon stop. Scientists have improved human longevity, but none of them have proposed to make terrene life perpetual. But the Gospel makes death a Selah between two beatitudes—between dying triumph on the one side of the grave and celestial escort on the other side of the grave. Going out of this life to the unprepared is a great horror.

"Give me more laudanum," said dying Mirabeau; "give me more laudanum that I may not think of eternity and what is to come." And dying Hobbes said, "I leave my body to the grave and my soul to the great perhaps." It was the discord of an infidel's life breaking down into the jargon of despair; but the Gospel makes the death of the Christain a Selah between redemption and enthronement. "Almost well," said dying Richard Baxter, "almost well." "Play those notes over again—those notes which have been so great a delight and a solace to me," said the dying Christian Mozart. "None but Christ, none but Christ," exclaimed dying Lambert.

Richard Cameron, the Scotch covenanter, went into the battle three times praying: "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe. This is the day I have longed for. This is the day I shall get my crown. Come, let us fight it to the last. Forward!" So you see there is only a short pause, a Selah of intermission, between dying consolations on the one side and overstopping raptures on the other.

> My flesh shall slumber in the ground
> Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
> Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
> And in my Saviour's image rise.

I next speak of the Selah of emphasis. Ewald, the German orientalist and theologian, says that this word means to ascend; and wherever you find it, he says, you must look after the modulation of the voice and you must put more force into your utterance. It is a Selah of emphasis. Ah! my friends, you and I need to correct our emphasis. We put too much emphasis on the world and not enough on God and the next world. People think these things around us are so important, the things of the next are not worthy of our consideration.

The first need for some of us is to change our emphasis. Look at wretchedness on a throne. Napoleon, while yet emperor of France, sat down dejected, his hands over his face. A lad came in with a tray of food and said, "Eat, it will do you good." The emperor looked up and said, "You are from the country?" The lad replied, "Yes." "Your father has a cottage and a few acres of ground?" "Yes." "There is happiness," said the dejected emperor. Ah! Napoleon never put the emphasis in the right place until he was expiring at St. Helena.

On the other hand, look at Satisfaction amid the worst earthly disadvantage. "I never saw until I was blind," said a Christian man. "I never knew what contentment was while I had my eyesight as I know what content is now that I have lost my eyesight. I affirm, though few would credit it, that I would not exchange my present position and circumstances for my circumstances before I lost my eyesight." That man put the emphasis in the right place. We want to put less stress upon this world and more stress upon our God as our everlasting portion.

David had found out the nothingness of this world and the all-sufficiency of God. Notice how he interjects the Selahs. "Trust in the Lord at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him. God is a refuge for us. Selah." "Blessed be the Lord who daily loads us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. Selah." "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Selah." Let the world have its honors, and its riches, and its pomp. Let me have the Lord for my light, my peace, my fortress, my pardon, my hope, my heaven.

> What sinners value I resign;
> Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine.
> I shall behold Thy blissful face,
> And stand complete in righteousness.
>
> This world is all an empty show,
> But the bright world to which I go
> Hath joys substantial and sincere:
> When shall I wake and find me there?
>
> O glorious hour! O blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God,
> And sin and sense no more control
> The endless pleasures of my soul.

But when I speak of the Selah of emphasis I must notice it is a startling, a dramatic emphasis. It has in it the Hark, the Hist of the drama. That wakening and arousing emphasis we who preach or instruct need to use more frequently. The sleepiest audiences in the world are religious audiences.

You Sabbath-school teachers ought to have more of the dramatic element in your instructions. By graphic Scripture scene, by anecdote, by descriptive gesture, by impersonation urge your classes to right action. We want in all our schools and colleges and prayer meetings, and in all our attempts at reform, and in all our churches to have less of the style didactic and more of the style dramatic.

Fifty essays about the sorrows of the poor could not affect me as a little drama of accident and suffering I saw one slippery morning in the streets of Philadelphia. Just ahead of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, his limb amputated at the knee; from the pallor of the boy's cheek the amputation not long before. He had a package of broken food under his arm—food he had begged, I supposed, at the doors. As he passed on over the slippery pavement cautiously and carefully, I steadied him until his crutch slipped and he fell. I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutch under the other arm; but when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I was completely overcome. Fifty essays about the suffering of the poor could not touch one like that little drama of accident and suffering.

Oh, we want in all our different departments of usefulness—and I address hundreds of people who are trying to do good—we want more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this way is to drone religion, to moan religion, to croak religion, to sepulchrize religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I address many theological students who are preparing for the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say to them this morning: If you will go home and look over the history of the church you will find that those men have brought most souls to Christ who have been dramatic—Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic; Robert McCheyne, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert Blouth, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; John Mason, dramatic; Dr. Nott, dramatic. When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to culture that element and try to wield it for God you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature, and ecclesiastical counsel will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down, but the God who starts you will help you through, and great will be the eternal rewards for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons, and our exhortations, and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religious papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come moving down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew; nor the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon lake.

We want to drive out the drowsy, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness and vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic. Attention! Behold! Hark! Selah!

Next I speak of the Selah of perpetuity. The Targum, which is the Bible in Chaldee, renders this word of my text "forever." Many writers agree in believing and stating that one meaning of this word is "forever." In this very verse from which I take my text Selah means not only poetic significance and intermission and emphasis, but it means eternal reverberation — forever! God's government forever, God's goodness forever, the gladness of the righteous forever. Of course you and I have not surveyor's chain with enough links to measure that domain of meaning. In this world we must build everything on a small scale. A hundred years are a great while. A tower five hundred feet is a great height. A journey of four thousand miles is very long. But eternity! If the archangel has not strength of wing to fly across it, but flutters and drops like a wounded seagull, there is no need of our trying in the small shallow of human thought to voyage across it.

A skeptic, desiring to show his contempt for the passing years and to show that he could build enduringly, had his own sepulcher made of the finest and the hardest marble, and then he had put on the door the words, "For time and for eternity," but it so happened that the seed of a tree somehow got into an unseen crevice of the marble. That seed grew and enlarged until it became a tree and split the marble to pieces. There can be no eternalization of anything earthly. But forever! Will you and I live as long as that? We are apt to think of the grave as the terminus. We are apt to think of the hearse as our last vehicle. We are apt to think of seventy or eighty or ninety years, and then a cessation.

Instead of that we find the marble slab of the tomb is only a milestone, marking the first mile, and that the great journey is beyond. We have only time enough in this world to put on the sandals and to clasp our girdle and to pick up our staff. We take our first step from cradle to grave, and then we open the door and start—great God, whither? The clock strikes the passing away of time, but not the passing away of eternity. Measureless, measureless! This Selah of perpetuity makes earthly inequalities so insignificant, the difference between scepter and needle, between Alhambra and hut, between chariot and cart, between throne and curbstone, between Axminster and bare floor, between satin and sackcloth, very trivial.

This Selah of perpetuity makes our getting ready so important. For such prolongation of travel what outfit of guidebooks, of passports and of escort? Are we putting out on a desert, simoom swept and ghoul hunted, or into regions of sun lighted and spray sprinkled gardens? Will it be Elysium or Gehenna? Once started in that world, we cannot stop. The current is so swift that once in no oar can resist it, no helm can steer out of it, no herculean or titanic arm can baffle it. Hark to the long resounding echo, "forever!" Oh, wake up to the interest of your deathless spirit! Strike out for heaven. Rouse ye, men and women for whom Jesus died. Selah! Selah! Forever! Forever!

Spices.

Considerable confusion exists in the minds of many people as to the nature of spices. Most of these possess a slightly stimulating effect and are actual aids to digestion. Of the common spices nutmeg is probably the most used. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands and grows directly under the equator. Mace is the inner coat that lines the hull of the nutmeg. The nutmeg in its coat of mace, with the outer hull surrounding it, is often displayed as a curiosity in New York spice shops. There are two kinds of nutmegs, the long, slender shape, which is the wild, and the round, which is the cultivated nut. The latter is more oily and much better than the wild nutmeg. By scraping the side of a nutmeg with the finger and noticing whether the oil flows, one can guard against the worst fraud in this spice—the "soaked nutmeg." Large quantities of nutmeg and other spices which are brought to market are soaked in water to relieve them of their oil. These are afterward sold, of course, at a low price, but they have lost their efficacy as a spice in losing their oil, and are little better than the celebrated wooden nutmegs. Always begin grating at the flower end of the nutmeg, instead of the stem.

The clove grows all over the tropical world and the clove of commerce is the unexpanded flower bud of the tree, and is the most fragrant of any part of it. Cinnamon spice is the inner bark of the cinnamon tree. It grows in China and Ceylon, and is cultivated in the West Indies and South America. A great deal of the heavier outer bark and of the coarse bark of the cassia tree is sold as cinnamon. The best cinnamon is hardly thicker than paper and is of rather light color. Allspice, unlike all other spices, is a berry. It is gathered while it is still green and dried in the sun. Jamaica allspice is among the best. It is of a mild flavor, and is not very much used in the cookery of to-day. The flower buds of the cassia tree are imported in considerable quantity annually, and are used chiefly in cooking for flavoring sweet pickles, to which they impart a delicate yet pleasant and distinctive flavor, different from cinnamon. Ginger, as everyone knows, is a root which grows all over the tropical world, in Asia, Africa and America. White ginger is composed of the best parts of the root, from which the outer skin has been taken off. The ground ginger of commerce is largely adulterated with tumeric, flour and various cheaper materials.—Detroit Free Press.

A French Patriarch.

Adolph Zemeri, who died April 2, in the district of Guizot, France, was in possession of documentary evidence which proved that he was born in 1742! When old Zemeri first saw the light of day Washington was a lad of but ten tender years. Wellington was not born until twenty-seven years later, and Waterloo was seventy-three years in the future. Zemeri's allotment of years exceeded those of all men of recent times except Henry Jenkins and "Old Parr," two English worthies, the former of whom lived to be 169 years old and the latter 152.—St. Louis Republic.

A PROFITABLE TALK.

Our Special Reporter Secures the Facts.

HE DETERMINED TO THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATE A SUBJECT THAT IS CAUSING MUCH COMMENT, AND HE HAS SUCCEEDED.

(*N. Y. Sun.*)

Two days ago one of the most prominent professional men in New York published a letter so outspoken, so unusual as to cause extensive talk and awaken much comment. Yesterday I interviewed the gentleman as to the contents of the letter, and he fully confirmed it in every respect. He not only did this but he also mentioned a number of unusual cases which had come under his observation in which little less than a miracle had been performed.

So important has the entire subject become that I determined to investigate it to the bottom, and accordingly called upon Mr. Albert G. Eaves, the prominent costumer at No. 64 East Twelfth street, the gentleman mentioned in my interview with the doctor yesterday. Mr. Eaves has made quite a name. A complete knowledge of history, an appreciation of art and reliability are essential in his profession.

"Mr. Eaves," I said, "I learn that your wife has had a most unusual experience; are you willing to describe it?"

The gentleman thought a moment and an expression of pleasure passed over his face. "When I think," he said, "of what my wife once passed through and the condition she is in to-day, I cannot but feel gratitude. Nearly three years ago she was at the point of death. You can understand how sick she was when I say she was totally blind and lay in a state of unconsciousness. Three doctors attended her and all agreed that her death was only a question of hours, perhaps minutes."

"May I ask what the doctors called her trouble?"

"Uræmia and puerperal convulsions, so you can imagine how badly she must have been. At last one doctor (it was Dr R. A. Gunn) said that as she was still able to swallow, one more attempt might be made, and a medicine was accordingly given her. She seemed to improve at once; in a few days her sight was restored. 'I have had a long, long sleep,' she said, upon recovering consciousness, and I am rejoiced to say that she was restored to perfect health wholly through the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy we administered when she was past all consciousness."

I looked at Mr. Eaves as he said this. His face was beaming with satisfaction. He continued:

"The physicians told us, after my wife's recovery, that she could never endure childbirth, and yet we have a fine boy nearly a year old, and do not know what sickness is. I attribute it to the wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure. Why, my sister, who resides in Virginia, was, a while ago, afflicted precisely as my wife had been. I at once advised her to use this same great remedy; it cured her promptly."

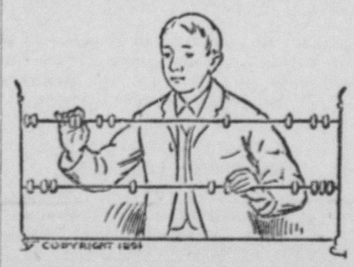
"You find that it is especially adapted for women, do you?" I inquired.

"By no means. I have known it to be wonderful in its power in the case of gentlemen to whom I have recommended it. I speak from my experience entirely, and you should not be surprised that I am so firm a believer in this discovery, which has done so much for me."

I was not surprised. I saw by every word, by every look, that Mr. Eaves meant all he said. I had ample confirmation of Dr. Gunn's letter and interview, and I do not wonder that people who have seen such things, who have watched their dearest friends go down into the dark valley and be brought back into the light, should be both enthusiastic and grateful. I, myself, caught the spirit, and I shall be glad if the investigations I have made prove of profit to those who may read them.

How Different.

In Paris male domestic servants are encouraged to marry, as they are observed to be more settled and attentive to their duty than when bachelors. In London such marriages are discouraged, as rendering servants more attentive to their own families than to those of their masters.



Can be counted on to cure Catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's nothing new. For 25 years it has been doing that very thing. It gives prompt and complete relief—but you want more than that. And you get it, with this Remedy—there's a cure that is perfect and permanent. The worst chronic cases, no matter of how long standing, yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. "Cold in the Head" needs but a few applications. Catarrhal Headache, and all the troubles that come from Catarrh, are at once relieved and cured.

You can count on something else, too—$500 in cash.

You can count on it, but it's more than doubtful whether you earn it.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy, in good faith, offer that amount for an incurable case of Catarrh. Don't think that you have one, though.

They'll pay you, if they can't cure you. That's certain.

But they can cure you. That's just about as certain, too.

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☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c

There are 106 boys born to every 100 girls, but more boys die in infancy than girls.

I feel it my duty to write you in regard to the benefit your Bradycrotine has been to my wife. Ever since a child she has been subject to the most dreadful headaches, usually several times a month. She has tried doctors from Maine to California but none could prevent these spells running their course. Bradycrotine has not failed to effect a cure in a single instance, one dose usually being sufficient. Oscar F. Frost, Monmouth, Maine. All druggists fifty cents.

Sweden enumerates over 100,000 head of reindeer among her domesticated animals.

BEECHAM'S PILLS quickly cure sick headache, weak stomach, impaired digestion, constipation, disordered liver, etc.

Five-eighths of the bread baked in London, England, is made of American wheat.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite—tones the nerves.

Nine young men are about to walk from Americus, Ga., to Chicago, Ill., a distance of 1000 miles by road, on a wager.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Of two women choose the one that will have you.

They all Testify



To the Efficacy of the World-Renowned

Swift's Specific.

The old-time simple remedy from the Georgia swamps and fields has gone forth to the antipodes, astonishing the skeptical and confounding the theories of those who depend solely on the physician's skill. There is no blood taint which it does not immediately eradicate. Poisons outwardly absorbed or the result of vile diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequaled tonic, builds up the old and feeble, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Send for a treatise. Examine the proof.

Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Tutt's Hair Dye

Gray hair or whiskers changed to a glossy black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously and contains nothing injurious to the hair. Sold by druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price, $1.00. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effectual. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross $2; 1 bottle 15c. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 39 Spruce St., N.Y.

Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

DAU 22

KILLER.

Dutcher's Fly Killer is sure death. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, and secure peace while you eat, quiet when you read and the comforts of a nap in the morning. Get Dutcher's and secure best results.

FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO.,

St. Albans, Vt.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Given Up to Die—Restored to Health by Swamp-Root.



The above is a good likeness of Mr. Geo. C. Cradick engraved from a photo. taken a short time ago and sent to Dr. Kilmer & Co., with his letter and package of **gravel** he speaks about, which was **dissolved** and expelled **after using** a few bottles of **Swamp-Root.** The following is Mr. Cradick's unsolicited account of his distressing and painful case.

Gosport, Ind., Jan. 18, 1892.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. —I do not know how to express my heartfelt thanks to you for the benefit I have received from using your Swamp Root Kidney Liver and Bladder Cure. I am now 64 years old, and have suffered almost death for about three years. I had given up to die, but as I profess to be a Christian man and a great believer in the prayer of the righteous, I prayed that God would send something that would prolong my life, and I feel thankful to him and you for the means that was sent. May God spare your life many years yet that you may hear the great good that your medicine is doing. On the 20th day of August, 1891, Mr. Frank Lawson your druggist at Spencer persuaded me to take a bottle on trial. I have taken a few bottles and it has brought out of my bladder lime or gravel, which I have saved in quantity the size of a goose egg and I now feel like a new man. May God bless you and your medicine.

I remain your humble servant,

Box 273. GEORGE C. CRADICK.

SECOND LETTER.

DEAR DOCTOR—I take great pleasure in answering your letter which I received today. You say "you would like to publish my testimonial in your Guide to Health for a while." I have no objections at all, for I want to do all in my power for afflicted humanity. I send by this mail a lot of the Gravel (about one-half of which I saved) that the Swamp-Root dissolved and expelled.

Two years ago last September I was taken with pain almost all over me, my head and back, my legs and feet became cold, would get sick at my stomach and vomit often, suffering a great deal from chills, and at times these were so severe that I thought I would freeze to death. My whole constitution was run down and I felt bad all over. The condition of my urine was not so bad through the day, but during the night, at times, I had to get up every hour, and often every half hour.

I suffered terribly from burning and scalding sensation. Would urinate sometimes a gallon a night; then it seemed my kidneys and back would kill me. I had been troubled with constipation for many years, but since using your Swamp-Root have been better than for a long time. The medicine has helped my appetite wonderfully and it seems as though I could not eat enough.

I live about six miles in the country from Gosport. I was born and raised here, and have been a member of the M. E. Church for forty-two years.

Pardon me for writing so much for I feel that I would never get through praising your great remedy for Kidney, Liver and Bladder troubles. Your true friend,

Geo. C. Cradick

Those who try Swamp-Root have generally first employed the family physician, or used all the prescriptions within reach without benefit. As a last resort, when their case has become chronic, the symptoms complicated and their constitution run down, then they take this remedy, and it is just such cases and cures as the one above that have made Swamp-Root famous and given it a world-wide reputation.

Book containing hundreds of other testimonials and valuable information sent free upon application.

At druggists 50ct size, $1.00 size, or of

DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.



LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES $85

For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.

Diamond Frame Steel Drop Forgings. Steel Tubing. Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle.

Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.

Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc.

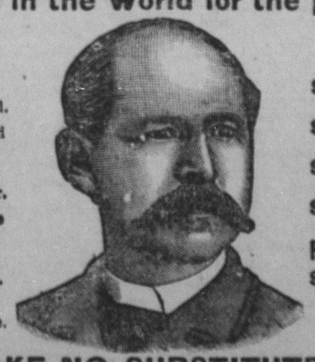
Bicycle Catalogue FREE.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

For gentlemen is a fine Calf Shoe, made seamless, of the best leather produced in this country. There are no tacks or wax threads to hurt the feet, and is made as smooth inside as a hand-sewed shoe. It is as stylish, easy fitting and durable as custom-made shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00, and acknowledged to be the

Best in the World for the price.



For GENTLEMEN.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed.
$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe.
$3.50 Police and Farmer.
$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe.
$2.25 Workingman's Shoe.
$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.

For LADIES.

$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
$2.50 Best Dongola.
$2.00 Calf and Dongola.
$1.75 For MISSES.

For BOYS' & YOUTH'S.

$2 & $1.75 SCHOOL SHOES.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.

IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.

CAUTION. W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes. Beware of dealers who acknowledge the superiority of W. L. Douglas' Shoes by attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. AGENTS WANTED. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers where I have no agent and advertise them free in local paper.